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Self-Reliance

Editorial Foreword

In his essay on self-reliance, in 1841, Emerson wrote:

> Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater.

Yesterday a practical philosopher of the afternoon press urged the still greater need of self-reliance in our time, when society is regulating private affairs far more than during the life of Emerson. This columnist asked what kind of a car we would be riding in to-day if Henry Ford had waited for a federal loan or the consent of government to put out his Model T.

Employment officers of the colleges report a discouraging reluctance this year on the part of graduates to accept jobs that require salesmanship or initiative. Our most crying need in education today is for the average child to learn by hard experience how to earn a few dollars, by his own efforts, and to save them. Self-reliance acquired in youth will surmount any depression, any experiment in social security.

In his recent address at Harvard about the state of Sweden, the nation whose people now enjoy the highest standard of living, the Crown Prince said that the modern social legislation of Sweden would not have brought his nation to her present happy position were it not for the private thrift of the people. Any government, no matter how modern and progressive, is in vain unless the citizen knows how to preserve his self-reliance. What doth it profit a man if — ?

Mass action cannot save America for democracy. It cannot be done by Congress. It cannot be done at the polls. Only you and I as individuals and our personal integrity and self-reliance can insure democracy.

Bread and Circuses

Social security is historically associated with the decline of a great democracy of the past — ancient Rome. It was in the last century of the Roman Republic, in 124 B.C. that a noble and generous official, the Tribune Gaius Gracchus, passed his famous *lex frumentaria*, a law which gave grain to Roman citizens for half the usual price. Gaius Gracchus meant all for the best. He was probably as upright as such men as Harry Hopkins and Secretary Wallace in our administration today. His law was a temporary experiment and lapsed, but the idea that bread went with citizenship was debated up and down until in 58 B.C., under the First Triumvirate, it was arranged to give grain free to all indigent Roman citizens.

The Roman senate resisted this public benevolence, which that body viewed as a bribe for the political support of the proletariat. When Julius Caesar became sole dictator, he wanted

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to reduce public largess as a drain on both the budget and private initiative, but was assassinated before he could accomplish the reform. Finally, in 6 B.C. the Emperor Augustus, once and for all, made free distribution of grain to the populace a bureaucratic function. Free bread and free circuses remained privileges of Roman citizens under the Empire. The vicious circle was complete. The breakdown of private employment led to governmental benevolence, and benevolence demoralized private initiative.

It is, of course, grossly unfair to attribute the decline of democracy in ancient Rome to social security or free bread and circuses. They were effects more than causes of the loss of self-reliance. If the virtues of citizenship had kept pace with the efficiency of government, Rome would still be mistress of the world today.

What are the requisites of a good citizen in a democracy? Five of the cardinal virtues of a freeman and a voter are integrity, intelligence, self-reliance, initiative, and co-operation.

Under the New Deal we are placing national emphasis on the first and last of these virtues — integrity and co-operation. The golden rule is the unwritten law of the land. Government is vigorously legislating moral codes for the conduct of business. Monopoly is being prosecuted. The profits of the utilities are being curbed. The stock market in New York is becoming a public mart of fair and open practice, instead of a private club of astute financiers. The goal, of course, is good, but the methods of reform are often clumsy and shackle self-reliance and initiative.

The doctrine of co-operation is also in the ascendant. The practical application of the second commandment is being preached into our private as well as our public life. In many ways we run into excess in interpreting *Love thy neighbor as thyself*. Neighborliness and co-operation do not mean that we should lose a sense of personal responsibility. The commandment does not imply that we should forget ourselves to the extent of letting our neighbors do all the work.

No matter how noble we are in helping the other fellow, our best efforts will in the end be futile if we do not keep our own minds in discipline, our own houses in order. No matter how enthusiastic our teamwork and cheering section or community effort, all will come to naught if we continue to pass the buck to the other fellow. Love thy neighbor, indeed, co-operate with him in every kind of fair play, but love him no more than thyself.

The breakdown of self-reliance is a far greater disaster than economic depression. May I illustrate by a trivial example?

I have a bungalow on a farm in the country. The other day its caretaker called up the local utility company and asked to have the electricity turned on.

The next day an electrician arrived, looked over the bungalow and departed.

The caretaker called again.

Another man came and discovered that the wires had been cut. He said he would report.

The caretaker phoned a third time.

A third man came. "I hear," he said, "that Mr. Leach is building a new house." When he found it was an old house he seemed to lose interest. He looked over the situation and went back to his office to report.

The caretaker tried a new lead. He called up a fourth time and remarked, "I wish we had a TVA up here."

Within an hour a truckload of electricians parked in front of the bungalow, and it was wired in fifteen minutes.

No Wheel Chair

In the last analysis democracy depends less on government than on the self-reliance of each citizen and the collective self-reliance of each private group, whether banded together in a business, a church, an institution, a club, or a committee. Government must be utilized as a crutch, not a wheel chair.

Given health and literacy, it is still possible for you and me, no matter how deep the economic depression and how outrageous the pangs of fortune, to find our way about in America and assert our self-reliance.

Emerson can be quoted again:

> Truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law, to himself, that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity is to others.

Henry Goddard Leach

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CLEVELAND: A City Collapses

by **WALTER ABBOTT**

TODAY IN CLEVELAND the only places doing a good business are the taverns and the bars, and that is only because people want to forget who and where they are. They want a few minutes away from it all.

This condition began a year ago, and They Say we may expect it to last at least until October. That, however, is only an expectation based on the fetish that things always get better in the fall. It is only a hope. If business does not improve in the fall, then They will Say that things are going to turn up in the spring.

No one will say the strict and brutal truth: that Cleveland is so far behind she can never catch up with her present obligations; that she is a community in collapse; that she is a failure as a great city.

No one dares say these things. But they must be going through the minds of many people, for it is a rare week that someone does not jump from the High Level Bridge, leaving a pathetic note (which often vilifies the City) and it is an unusual day when the Bureau of Missing Persons does not add several new names to its file. The number of these occurrences and the number of deaths from inhalation of carbon-monoxide gas are rising to their 1931–32 levels in Cleveland. The coroner has been spurred to declare, whenever he possibly can, that the drowning was accidental or that the leap from the window was a fall. Let him decide, if there be the slightest excuse for it, that the victim did not know the garage doors had blown shut. It will look better if these affairs seem matters of fate. Cleveland cannot afford any more bad publicity. Of course, the coroner does not fool anyone, except perhaps the Chamber of Commerce. Everybody else knows that suicides are suicides and that life in this big city is not happy.

There is not now — nor has there been for twenty years — anything on the Cleveland scene to make Clevelanders happy. She is economically, politically, and socially sore, with the end of her misery nowhere in sight. There is every reason to think conditions must become worse, none to believe they can ever be right again.

The city sits with head in hands, like the wastrel son, hoping to hear of another Feast of the 'Twenties — but bleakly certain that history will not repeat itself.

Elective leadership has failed tragically. City officials have abandoned everything remotely resembling a program, and municipal government is frankly operating on stop-gap principles. Thirty-three councilmen are as indistinguishable from each other as so many bumps on a log — and as meaningless. The city has gapped from crisis to crisis, and this critical state is now admittedly chronic.

Coma has come over certain manufacturing areas, herald of the long death that has gripped other such centers in the past.

The rest of Ohio, historically hostile to the metropolis on the lake, certain that she is being visited by the long due wrath of the Lord for her wickedness through the years, ignores Cleveland, except in tax collections. The farmers feel that anything bad which may happen to the northern city dwellers is well deserved. And perhaps they are right.

GHOSTS OF GREAT AMBITIONS

CLEVELAND WAS on the skids a decade ago, even before the first depression. Straining mightily to reach the million mark in population in 1920, she missed by a few thousand. She never, for the city proper, threatened that million again. Belligerently, in 1930, Cleveland

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demanded that her suburbs (which she hates and which hate her) be included in her population total and so Cleveland thinks of herself today as a metropolis of more than a million people; but the fact is there are no more than 900,000 in the city now and the number is being decreased at this minute by the steady outflux of citizens who have seen the fatal handwriting on the wall. The city lost something in the latter 'twenties. There was a moment when she might have emerged in true greatness, a crossroads of Mid-America, but the shining moment slipped away. The Cleveland mixture lacked some essential ingredient; like a mud pie in the sun, it cracked in a hundred pieces; and Cleveland began the long slide downhill.

Her progress downward was fairly perceptible. It came about logically as a result of the commission of all the social, political, and economic errors it is possible to make.

Cleveland has consistently canonized her crooks and hacks and ignored the half-dozen honest, foresighted, and able leaders she possesses. In twenty years she has not brought forth a single individual who has made any notable contribution to the national scene. For two decades she has been at the mercy of uninspired mediocrity and downright stupidity in the high places within her gates. Tenth-rate men and scoundrels have ruled in public and private office by preference of the populace. Ballyhoo, skulduggery, and lust for personal advancement have held sway where calm wisdom, vision, and true civic pride were sorely needed. Treachery, pettiness, and incompetence in official, financial, and business circles have cut the heart out of the town, and she reels today, a giddy, disjointed ghost, from worse to worst. She has been bled white.

The future is black as midnight, and Clevelanders, cursing the destiny that has bound them to Cleveland, write their friends and relatives in other places, seeking greener pastures. It is doubtful if there exists anywhere else in the United States the intense hatred, distrust, and contempt of a home town that one finds in the citizens of the erstwhile Forest City. Most of them live with an obsession: to escape!

Cleveland would like to escape the memory of the series of men who have taken her through the financial wringer, leaving her today a community collectively and individually broke. Reminders of their activity in the great Age of Promotion are on every hand. Cleveland had more than her share of wizards who were to strike the earth in various localities and make the dollar trees to grow. She gave her money and faith to many a fast talker with splendid ideas. Tall buildings sprang up where none was needed. Fine clubs were founded, their splendid clubhouses never to be occupied. Mighty subdivisions were laid out, to be sparsely settled. A giant stadium, seldom used, crumbles on the lakefront. A magnificent Terminal Tower, with an accompanying group of structures calculated to concentrate all the greatest business of the city in one area, drained $60,000,000 from the Cleveland banks, leaving them a pushover for the dismal debacle of 1932.

With Feet of Clay

The first and foremost "developers" of Cleveland were the Van Sweringens, recently dead (God rest their ambitious souls), who had a dream of railroad empire.

They were originally real-estate salesmen who swanked up a woodland and sold the lots to the best families. When the streetcar company refused to run a track to their development, the Vans put in their own rapid-transit line. Some years later they had the satisfaction of buying the streetcar company and firing the men who had refused them. This made a great hit with Clevelanders and their newspapers, who worship that kind of success. The Van Sweringen "boys" entered mythology, and Cleveland was abjectly grateful for these giants in her midst. By the time they started to click in their railroad ventures, the Vans could have had the whole town for the asking. After a while they did ask and they did very nearly take it.

The Terminal on the Square stands today in memory of the Vans and their pyramid, which fell across 2 Cleveland banks and helped bring them down. Clevelanders who received 35 cents on their deposited dollars in the Guardian Trust of lamented memory and other Clevelanders who received partial payment on their deposits in the Union Trust can reasonably conclude that their loss went into the Vans' Terminal group. The streetcar company which the Vans took over has long

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since gone back to the stockholders, and is valued at exactly one half its former worth, inasmuch as the Vans paid dividends out of capital and not out of operating profit while they were in control. The Vans induced one of the leading department stores in Cleveland to move into the Terminal development; and its former home, unsold and unrented these 10 years, stands to disgrace Euclid Avenue at East 13th Street, reminding the city of another vain and costly move.

Recently the Vans died, within a year of each other, and their empire went under the hammer for something less than $4,000,000. So passed an epoch, with only the Terminal, in hock to out-of-town interests, and the thinner pocketbooks of Clevelanders to tell its tale.

Today in Cleveland it is not kind to bring up the names of the Van Sweringen brothers. People want to forget them. They want to forget them as they want to forget the other money magicians who so bitterly disappointed their investors: Cyrus Eaton, of Continental Securities; the convicted Arthur House, of the Guardian debacle; Stirling Smith, of the Standard Bank, recently paroled from prison on the contingency of his return to Canada; Kenyon E. Painter, of the Union Trust, who escaped serving out a jail sentence by having a heart attack; Morris Gusman, of the Merchants Bank, the first of the bank presidents to be asked to explain things in court; and a host of smaller building-and-loan–company heads who went the way to incarceration in a disorderly procession during 1933, 1934, and 1935.

All these Cleveland would like to forget, if the deflated condition of her purse did not serve as a constant reminder of the day they were revered and honored residents of Cleveland. The city had an earnest, childlike faith in the messianic stature of these leading citizens; surely there must be a reward in heaven for such simplicity of soul. At least there is no reward for it on earth.

The Sack of the City

What the financiers — bankers, building promoters, mortgage men, stock and bond salesmen — left Cleveland for her daily needs the politicians proceeded to take away.

The political history of Cleveland after Mayor Newton D. Baker is the story of a long line of hack and quack administrations, each of which left the city a step or two politically lower than the preceding one. Cleveland has been looted as successively and methodically as in a series of old-hand burglaries.

The mayor who followed Baker was Harry L. Davis, whose administration set a record for waste and corruption. It was at this time that the notorious "Order 73" was given to the police department. Under it, no police officer could make any kind of raid without the permission of Davis' Man Friday, A. B. Sprosty, the Safety Director. Thus the town roared wide open. Anything and everything could be "arranged."

Davis ruled the roost until 1920, when he went on to lusher fields in the State capital. There the odor from the Cleveland he had left finally caught up to him, and he was chased out of office with the denunciations of an aroused State ringing in his ears.

Meanwhile Cleveland was having Mayor Fitzgerald, who had been Davis' law director, and, following him, Mayor Kohler, who died leaving an estate of $500,000 from public service as police chief, sheriff, and mayor.

After Kohler, Cleveland, in a temporary spell of disgust with political abuses, inaugurated the city-manager plan of government. It was hooted from the beginning by the ward dogs and their superiors, but for once they found themselves unable to cope with the wave of righteousness that shook the city. The new scheme was to lead government out of the miasmal swamps and make it sweet and clean again; and it might have done that very thing if it had been left alone.

But the politicians seized on the subtleties of the proportional-representation feature of the plan to start the average man and voter, whose intellectual attainment reaches a peak in marking an *X* on a ballot, thinking that he was being outwitted by the system. He came to feel that in some way it was subverting his true will. He suspected that the professors had put something over on him. He began to distrust the plan because he could not understand it. To strengthen his distrust, the "land scandals" broke, with a councilman murdered and two others jailed. The roar of the voter rumbled over the lake.

This was the moment that Harry L. Davis, discredited, stripped of all following, and

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considered permanently out of politics, grasped to his advantage. With an awful sense of opportunity he seized the city-manager issue and propelled himself back into the political limelight on its unpopularity. In two years he was again in the mayor's chair, carrying back with him Sprosty and every other unemployed political fly who had been shooed away from the sick horse that Davis had left after his first tenure. The newspapers screamed holy murder at the reappearance of Davis, but no one minded them. The voters had got rid of the city manager!

No city can stand the recurrent raids of such administrations. The treasury, in fair shape after several years under a city manager, was sopped clean as the plates at a Wayfarer's Lodge. Faraway subdivisions were paved; a gigantic bridge was built; insurance in outrageous amounts was bought on every piece of city equipment; and by a thousand and one devices, at public expense, Cleveland was stripped to her last asset and loaded with future debt.

Scandals riddled every city department, but such is the stomach of the Cleveland voter that he was more amused than concerned. In the end, however, the insistent hatred of the Cleveland columnists and editors persuaded the voters, who presently went to the polls in classic righteousness and turned the rascals out. They went away smiling with their booty.

The present mayor, Harold H. Burton, and his "independent" Republicans were elected, and their discovery that the city was dead broke, with a staggering load of debt, became a seven-day horror over City Hall. That is the dirtiest trick that one statesman can play on another. Burton and his "business" administration have been doing what they can, but they are not helping any by carrying more city employees than ever before gathered at the public trough in the whole history of Cleveland.

The Dark Ages

Neither these economic nor these political misfortunes need have occurred in Cleveland. They are directly traceable to the nature of the Clevelander.

For Cleveland, having a chance to weld herself into a cohesive social unit, has remained essentially a group of juxtaposed tribes more or less at war with one another. Her people stand off from each other distrustfully. She is a melting pot that never melted but continues to boil, casting up hard racial lumps in indigestible form. Two Italians, 3 Jews, and 4 negroes stand today where 1 stood 25 years ago, but there is no augmented community of spirit among them. Socially — as a social unit — Cleveland is a grotesque failure. As a great city, in the sense of a communal and sympathetic association of peoples, she is a farce. And that is the underlying trouble. For it is not hard to understand that people at odds cannot prosper. They must finally collapse on the fronts of all their endeavors, the greedy and the stupid being carried down to the hell they have invited.

Nor is it hard to understand, with this civic personality in mind, why Cleveland has been a pushover for the line of charlatans and promoters who have gone to work on her. A multipartite community, each group suspicious of its neighbors and, as like as not, carrying over old-country prejudices against them, is a natural for exploitation. Divide and steal!

Examining this exploitation in its pettier forms, it is even noticeable that it takes on racial characteristics. The Poles fall most quickly for the money-in-the-satchel gag; the Jews most often buy the machine which prints currency; the Hungarians go in for cemetery lots; the Italians hold the "crown jewels," for a consideration, while the boarder goes out of town over the week end; and the Anglo-Saxon is caught with the pretty girl in the hotel bedroom. These little games are not likely to flourish in a community whose various elements manage a wide exchange of interests, but they have reaped a rich harvest in Cleveland, where the citizen despises his neighbor as a dirty nigger, a dirty wop, or a dirty kike.

The Cleveland personality of the 'thirties has become increasingly sullen, suspicious, and angry. Milked by racketeers on the grand and on the cheap scale, impoverished by direct and by indirect losses which have brought him up hard against the need for his daily bread, the Clevelander trusts no one. Friendship is an obsolescent word, except in the maudlin moment at the bar — and this is quickly regretted and brusquely rejected in the cold, sober hours of the morning after, when preoccupation is with what rash confidences may have been imparted or business secrets revealed in the heat of intoxication. People in Cleveland will cross

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the street rather than greet an approaching acquaintance. They tend to be ill at ease in each other's presence, as though guilty of harboring uncharitable thoughts of one another. They may not welcome your visit to their homes, as though afraid of what you might see and tell, view and covet.

There is an unholy fear of having to share what little there is left. . . .

Within the last year there has been an unprecedented and obscene scramble to get on the WPA in Cleveland. The onetime tendency to scorn these projects has given way to unashamed envy of the man who manages the leap into the government's coffers. Those who make it are openly jubilant and radiate the smug consciousness of having put over a cute deal. They are secretive about telling who pulled the wires that they might achieve their ambition, on the theory that, the more that get on, the sooner the money will run out. Once on, they put in a lot of time writing letters in attempts to have their pay raised. Such letters have wrecked a dozen projects here, but the writing goes on as actively; nay, it quickeneth. It is the nature of the beast.

Today Cleveland moves toward a condition in which one half her people will be, in one way or another, publicly supported. There are no jobs. There is no civic spirit. There is no community life. Everyone simply hangs on hard, resentful of new arrivals who try to push their way in. A record-breaking crop of high-school graduates has been scouring the city for employment, as last year's graduates write letters to the editors complaining that there is nothing for them to do.

A young man hangs a sign on his back:

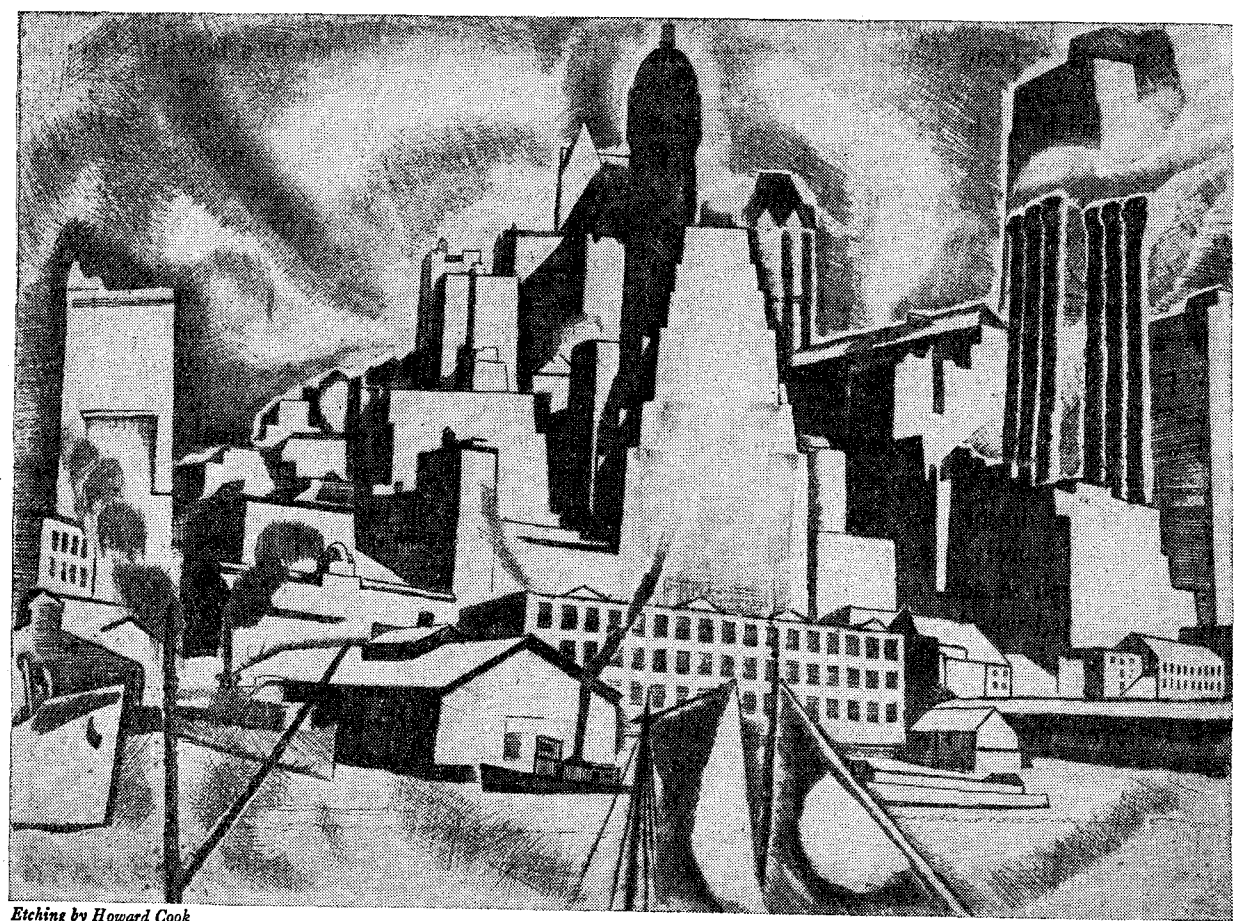
I Will Do Any Kind of Work
Please Give Me a Job

and stands, ignored, beside the city's busiest thoroughfare.

Beggars and panhandlers cook up preposterous stunts to get attention. But the city's faces — drawn tight with worry — go by them as if they did not exist. They move quickly past, a blur, as if an unknown terror were stalking them.

They are not going anywhere, because you will see the same faces passing the same point within the hour.

Only the taverns and bars are gay.



Etching by Howard Cook

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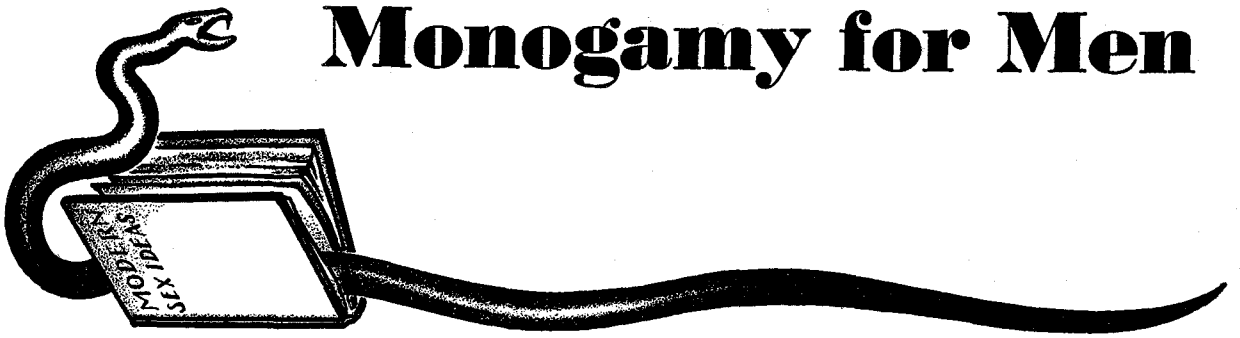
Monogamy for Men



by **RUPERT YOUNG**

My generation was educated in the cynical 'twenties. We fed on the philosophic delicacies prepared for us by Mr. Mencken and similar literary chefs, and referred to laboring humanity as the Masses. This was, of course, before the social conscience turned a corner and began its association with collectivism. We believed in a vague principle called individuality, which meant, so far as I could discover, that each of us was a free soul privileged to live according to his own ethics and personality. We made a religion of our individualities, a fetish which we frequently adorned with all sorts of bizarre eccentricities, and branded anyone fearful of the current social mores as a backslider, a person totally unfit to sit with the higher mentalities. We did not plague ourselves with social injustices, as is the fashion now, but relegated the inhumanities to those weaker brethren who pined stupidly for the plight of West Virginia coal miners or starving coolies in Tientsin. We lived aesthetically and in the realm of the new poetry, the new psychology, and the new freedom between the sexes.

I was one of these and, in truth, one of the most ardent. I early convinced myself that sex was one of the major pleasantries of mankind and virginity merely a symptom of low blood pressure. Truth in sex, as in everything, was the goal toward which we fought, and we considered it attainable only by the uninhibited exercise of the five senses.

I believed during the 'twenties and even when I was married and when I became a father that sex was purely an affair of the body requiring no cerebration and none of the sentimentality born of memories or illusions. I considered it a thoroughly pleasant but unfortunate indignity in that it obliged human beings to descend to the ludicrous awkwardness of animals. Man was made to write poetry, to dream gossamer dreams, to reason through to a new system of philosophy, whereas sex was merely the haven of the tired mind.

In addition to being cynics, we were philosophic materialists. In literature and in the arts we developed a new aesthetic spirituality but nevertheless we insisted on keeping pretty close to the ground. In my physiology class, the instructor asserted that he could make inanimate objects perform every act of a living creature, and he demonstrated his assertion by placing two compounds in a bowl and causing them to propagate by division, chase each other about, and in general behave as if motivated by some manner of intelligence. I have forgotten the names of the compounds but I have not forgotten the impression this experiment made on me. Here had been proved the law of cause and effect, the elementary truth that all life is clay molded by forces independent of itself and of reason. Sex, by way of example, was merely a matter of physics and chemistry: a coy eye, a chemical reaction inside the body, and we had what is known as desire. It was all as simple as that, and to think otherwise was to confess a reluctance to face reality.

When I became engaged my fiancée and I agreed on these principles. We decided that sex was merely an instrument of the tactile sense, no more and no less, and pledged undying devotion to our convictions. We asserted that perhaps by the dictates of our personalities one of us might one day desire an extramarital adventure and we concluded that in this event we were to behave as our reflexes commanded.

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Of love I think we had an abundance. At 24 we were able to discuss dispassionately our lives together and our attitude toward sex and at the same time experience the tenderness of sentimental love. The attachment between us was stronger, I believe, than that between most young couples, for we shared a unanimity of emotional and intellectual interests. Sexually our fervor was of relatively equal intensity, and our interests in literature, philosophy, and the theater seemed spun of the same cloth. And when after our marriage we promised that each of us was to be a free, unfettered personality we were staunch in the conviction that we had bravely planned an intelligent partnership. We wanted most of all in matters of sex to avoid the fate of the queasy, furtive husband and the relentless suspicion of his mate.

This was to be the motif of our lives: a sincere honesty and unashamedness in our attitude toward sex and each other. We should turn our backs to history, to the superstitions, fears, and asininities of our ancestors, and view our future from our own private intellectual perch. There was one indissoluble connection between us that was never to be altered, a vague psychological kinship which for want of a better explanation we designated our real love. This was to remain forever untouched. Our bodies were merely the vehicles that carted our minds about, servile organisms in a world of intellect. It was of inconsiderable importance what our bodies did so long as we retained the sincerity and integrity between our intellects, and even if one of us slept each night in a different bed the love between us would still persist.

II

All this we determined on the premise that man is a sexually perverse animal. From observation we deduced that he had great difficulty in maintaining the monogamous relation imposed on him by tradition and we speculated as to whether this was a psychological or a physiological phenomenon. My recollection is that we finally classified him as an incurable romantic, a fifteenth-century gallant excitedly searching for strange adventure over the crest of the next hill. Physiologically each act of sex was indistinguishable from the previous one, but man, the supreme optimist, knew indubitably that the next one held unsurpassed delights, particularly if committed in strange surroundings.

We knew that these desires would some day overtake us. We remembered Ludwig Lewisohn's admonition that marriage was neither a prison nor a disease: it neither prevented you from falling in love with another nor another from falling in love with you. Similarly it could not prevent a desire for that other, and we tried to plan what we should do when the inevitable day arrived. As I look back now I am surprised that we never once considered the moral preachments of our parents or even discussed the need for bridling our libidos. I think we decided that the world began with us, that we were free souls without need of social background, and that it was neither healthful nor possible to attempt a behavior foreign to our species. We promised ourselves that when these disturbing longings came we should discuss them honestly and frankly, working out the relationship between us in a supremely sensible fashion.

The time did come, but even now I cannot say what caused it. I was the one who developed the roving eye, and my only conclusion is that I, too, became the incurable romantic. I merely know that one day, which was not unlike all preceding days, I suddenly found various ladies temporarily but acutely desirable. I had no feeling of conscience when this occurred and wasted no time in quibbling about outmoded concepts of morality.

The affairs that followed were for the most part fortuitous. They were accomplished with what I hope was complete frankness on my part. Each was an arrangement for the pleasure of two people, and nothing even remotely resembling sentiment was involved. Such tenderness as was achieved in these interludes was a pleasant but superficial emotion, and there never was a time that I could not say to myself, "This is a play, an illusion which I shall presently cause to disappear."

I found it expedient to avoid long liaisons, for I sensed that a protracted association involved interests and duties from which it was difficult to escape. Time, I reasoned, bred an intimacy transcending the strictly sexual and demanded a wider kinship. For this reason I carefully avoided prolonged intimacies and indulged in only secret and occasional philan-

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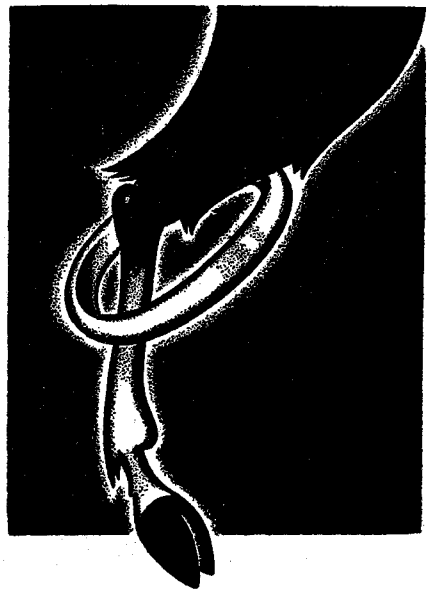
dering with equally secret and occasional ladies.

The time came, of course, when I remembered the promises my wife and I had given ourselves. In the beginning I did not speak to her of these new experiences, for somehow I suffered a strange reluctance, despite all those grandiose resolutions, that gripped my tongue and held me speechless. Finally I suppose I made a false gesture or arrived home too late for dinner, and my wife sensed an intrusion into our lives. When she confronted me with her questions I admitted everything frankly, and we discussed the situation with complete candor. I was surprised, as a matter of fact, at the candor we both exhibited, a little shocked perhaps and frightened at the realization that the day had finally arrived.



Very sensibly, we thought, we talked things over and made plans. We decided that my behavior would be highly unfair if it deprived my wife of my society. We agreed never to mention one of these affairs during its life and long afterward only when it became absolutely necessary.

I did not, however, come out of this discussion completely unscathed. I was sure, as I had always been, that my convictions were fully justified, that sex was simply an instrument of pleasure or procreation, depending on the inclination of the moment, and that the morality of our ancestors was almost unintelligible. But it disturbed me to suspect that intellectually and emotionally I had struck a discord. Somehow I had been unable to keep a promise made in the clear light of intellectual conviction. This annoyed me and made me wonder whether, as suggested by Papa Freud, I was compensating for a moral righteousness. I had spent my college years sneering at the stupidity of moralists and now I feared that my fine-spun web of superiority actually cloaked my own shortcomings.

III

But all this was mere speculation. I abided religiously by the understanding with my wife and put out of my mind the suspicion that my theories were untenable. I recalled vaguely a scene in some movie in which a man crossed himself before the Madonna and the next moment entered a house of assignation; I reasoned that I too had a great purifying love which could not be injured by a sexual wanderlust. It was merely necessary to remember that this love did exist and that what I did was unrelated to it.

There was a constant danger, however, which made me realize presently that we did not live in a vacuum. It was not enough that we had decided how we wished to live; friends, families, even strangers made it difficult. I was in the absurd state of being unafraid of my wife's knowledge of my conduct but intensely fearful of every other person. I found my friends winking covertly at me, and I was concerned with what actual thoughts they had.

It was not a matter of maintaining a certain social position nor was it the need of concealing my unconventional behavior from business associates. It was simply a desire not to appear publicly as an unconscionable reprobate. My wife and I had planned our lives with a determination to achieve a measure of integrity, and we wanted it both privately and publicly. But somehow, even with the most astute care, my course of life became a subject of rather general knowledge among my acquaintances, and this in turn gave rise to further unpleasant predicaments. I found that my friends discussed my affairs in my presence but switched suddenly to silence when my wife appeared. This was understandable and precisely as I might have wished it, but the first time it happened I was brought face to face with the realization that these friends, so far as they knew, kept a secret with me from my wife. On occasion I suspected that my friends had imparted the gossip to *their* wives, who thereupon regarded my wife with pity. It did not matter that their wives had little cause to rejoice at their own domestic felicity but it did matter that they felt sorry for my wife.

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This was not the honesty we had hoped to build and hold. We had expected to face the world and each other without shame or subterfuge and we now found the world convinced of the failure of our marriage. A few of our intimate friends knew the truth, but the others, who might tolerate a secret sexual life, would neither understand nor condone one frankly and unashamedly admitted. And so we remained silent but constantly indignant at the secret commiseration behind our backs.

We felt, even with those who knew our convictions, that we were on exhibition as a modern domestic novelty. I disliked heartily the role thus provided me, although I suspected that perhaps it was deserved, but my wife neither deserved nor enjoyed the part for which she was cast. We found it degrading and humiliating to be pitied by friends who probably never even suspected that we understood their thoughts. We realized by this time that society has a way of applying a subtle pressure to make nonconformists leap back into line but we were determined to resist to the last.

I had during this time unpleasant visions of concluding my life as an elderly, bald, slightly rotund villain with a lecherous eye — and occasionally I took stock of myself, as a confirmed smoker or alcoholic speculates on how firmly the habit has gripped him. On several occasions I forswore philandering, not for the purpose of abandoning it but as a test of will power. These scientific experiments were eminently successful, although they were accomplished with some difficulty and a not unnatural reluctance, and I had the satisfaction of deciding that I could relinquish my mode of life if the necessity arose.

I hoped, of course, that the necessity would not arise, but things occurred that made me uneasy. I recall having dinner one evening with my wife and discovering, at an adjoining table, a lady very much in my past. Nothing happened, but I suffered at that dinner an acute and unforgettable embarrassment. My wife never suspected the emotions that skipped nervously through me. There were other unpleasant incidents, usually in streets and theaters, and one night I became unnecessarily violent in convincing an intoxicated former love that I had neither the time nor the inclination to steal away into the moonlight.

The point of all this was not lost on me. Perhaps, naïvely, I was contemptuous of these women and considered them unworthy of more than a casual interest — but I think my emotions were a little less reprehensible than that. I had created for myself the illusion that I lived as two separate persons in two widely separated worlds. The other women were part of a world which was never permitted to intrude into that which held my wife, my career, my intellect. Somehow when one of them appeared unexpectedly in my wife's presence I felt that an indecent act had been committed and I tried conscientiously to keep my two worlds and the people in them apart. Moreover, as I read their minds, they speculated on my affection for my wife or wondered if she suspected my dual life. They had the audacity to examine us minutely, like laboratory specimens, and form conclusions about us. They observed my wife with critical secretiveness and on occasion smiled knowingly at me. There was something indescribably cheap about this, but I found no way to prevent it.

I had decided long ago that I did not care what the world thought of me but now I knew that I did care, that a raised eyebrow or an unuttered thought could be peculiarly hateful. I learned that when one embarks on a life of devotion to his convictions he must be prepared to suffer in silence if those convictions run counter to accepted standards of conduct. He must suffer in silence the thousand little torments that society has developed for his special destruction, the loss of public esteem, the gradual feeling of inferiority, the frustration in practicing an unworkable code of living, the self-contempt at exposing an intimate to the pity of strangers. These are the ugly torments that destroy sleep, weaken intellectual resistance, and finally make it impossible to live with one's own conscience.

We had begun our marriage in complete

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sincerity and honesty. Both of us wanted to live as our beliefs dictated, and there was never a time that any other person could possibly have been injured by our way of life. It seemed, however, that we must pay an exorbitant price for the privilege of living as we wished to live, and society was determined to make us pay in full.

IV

If there had been no other intervening factors it is possible that we might have paid this price. Living honestly with oneself still seemed worth while, and by drilling our resistance we might have achieved a measure of insensitivity to others. But the drilling never began because suddenly we realized that through these years we had been wrong, that no intellectual forethought could anticipate the peculiar psychological forces inherent in the complex human organism. Intellectually two and two may total four, but if the problem is one involved emotionally it may never total the same sum twice. We had been trained in thinking but not in feeling and we simply had been unable to predict accurately all our emotions.

There were days when I was irritable for no apparent reason. I spent weeks trying to understand this new vice, which took the form of occasional acts of inconsiderateness toward my wife or a tendency to speak as little as possible, and for a long time I was unable to discover the cause. I observed, however, that these fits of temper occurred usually after an instance of infidelity and I learned that in some manner the circumstances were related. I never learned nor do I know now whether the world in which I roamed as a free sexual body was becoming the more important of my two worlds, whether my sense of values had become wildly distorted, or whether some hidden conscience was shrieking its guilt. Probably all these entered into this problem and, in addition, the terror invoked by the social pressure from without. I merely know that these periods of irritability began to appear with increasing frequency and I became critical of my wife's opinions, desires, and suggestions.

In addition to this I had formed interests and found pleasures in which she had no part. Formerly we had lived as one person, reading, playing, thinking together; now I had experiences, made plans, remembered pleasures of which my wife knew nothing and which we could not share. We were losing that emotional unanimity we once enjoyed, that unanimity of interests and experiences which gave us the mental kinship we called our love. We were becoming less and less dependent on each other for happiness and companionship, and our marriage was slowly becoming the convenience through which we legally shared the same house and furniture.

Marriage, we discovered, can exist only through joint mental happiness. It begins to fail when either husband or wife develops interests in which the other has no part, when gradually there arises a mental barrier over which neither can pass to the other. It seems incredible now that I once believed that two people could remain married even as their mutual interests and pleasures became fewer. Those hours in which each finds his own pleasures become more significant as time goes on; and they have a way of widening the gap between husband and wife until each is emotionally independent of the other.

We were drifting all this time into separate lives, learning to think and amuse ourselves without mutual companionship. This was not what we had planned in those youthful days when we knew so well how life should be lived and how desperately one should cling to his individuality. Those theories simply had not worked. To make matters worse, I began, with the hope of improving an unpleasant situation, to lie about my time away from home, to make pretenses about my conduct, to simulate an interest in things about which formerly no simulation was necessary. Our honesty toward each other was now rapidly disappearing, and we were approaching the ancient relationship between the faithful wife and the dishonorable husband; and each of us was aware of it.

I was aware, as a matter of fact, that my wife knew I had failed her. I think I knew the first time I lied to her that she recognized the fabrication and I was hurt at the look in her eyes. The whole affair seemed inextricably complex. I was quite obviously ruining our marriage and destroying our love because I had been unable to follow a simple intellectual point of view.

When I tried to unravel these tangled skeins I discovered certain neglected principles. I had

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always boasted that my wife had equal privileges with me, and now, with the aid of a vivid imagination, I speculated on what this might mean to me. The thoughts that followed were not pleasant. I decided that none of my acquaintances was the fine gentleman to whom my wife might give herself and that unless some paragon of every conceivable virtue appeared she would merely cheapen and degrade herself. And then suddenly I realized why we had long ago agreed never to discuss my extramarital amours: my wife had also exercised a vivid imagination, and the results had been no more pleasant.

I think I discovered belatedly at this time that sex is an element of a successful marriage. It was well enough to ridicule the sacredness of the traditional monogamous relation, but the fact nevertheless remained that a roaming husband must leave behind him a wife whose sensitivity has suffered a cruel hurt. The one who has no desire for extramarital adventure must surely realize that he or she has somehow failed the other, that the excitement of the early days has died into lifeless embers and left the other vainly seeking to recapture those glorious moments.

And so we tried again to talk frankly and unashamedly about our lives together. Fortunately it was not too late, and we were able to see ourselves as we were and solve our problem. We found that our ancestors had passed on to us a social and moral heritage which they had tested in the human laboratory; our privilege was to take it without the pain of independent experiments. Our nervous systems are so conditioned, we decided, that no amount of intellectual abracadabra could change them.

The urge for transient sexual adventure led in my case to almost disastrous consequences. At no time was this urge uncontrollable, nor was it worth the sacrifice of self-respect, peace, or love. I can look back now and see the piper with his hand outstretched for the fee, but I am too shrewd a bargainer to pay his price. I am irreconcilably a monogamist.

Fed Up Song

Surely I was meant to be
A woman who lives uncivilly,
Marching up to the man of her will
Like an army taking a hill,
Rollicking down spring lanes in a gust,
Shouting with gusto amidst the dust,
Tulip-haughty beneath the moon,
And a fine dancer to anyone's tune!

Marion Canby

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The Pari-Mutuel Myth

by **HARLAN TROTT**

FOUND — somebody who beat the horses in 1937. It wasn't the man on the street, the bookmaker, the tipster or the horseman, but seventeen of the country's commonwealths, each of which reached into the pari mutuels or race track gate receipts for the greatest total "take" in many years.

This is the preface to an Associated Press report on legalized race-track betting in the United States. The statement is typical of our haphazard approach to the subject. It offers a fair example of the fallacies and half-truths that unwittingly evolve from the general trend of thinking in regard to race-track betting.

This press service's survey makes an important omission. It implies that the States were the only certain beneficiaries under the pari-mutuel system. This is misleading, because the State's percentage of the profits in most cases is about half what the promoter is entitled to deduct from the money played through the machines. Pari-mutuel betting is a partnership between the State and the race track in which the track management always receives the lion's share.

Proponents of the pari-mutuel system invariably defend it on the ground that it offers a valuable source of revenue to hard pressed State treasuries. Opponents base their opposition mainly on the moral and economic effects of commercialized gambling. Neither side has established a convincing case up to now. If pari-mutuel supporters lull us to sleep with sugar-coated pills, the opposition, on the other hand, attacks the system almost entirely with broad generalities. Nobody has shown the slightest inclination to argue the rights or wrongs of pari-mutuel gambling from a practical dollars-and-cents standpoint. In short, nobody has thoroughly examined the machine.

It is time we did so. Not that our findings could arrest the spread of State-supervised pari-mutuel betting. The system has nearly reached the geographical saturation point. Practically all the thickly tenemented industrial areas in the United States have been tapped by the pari-mutuel machine. But better a belated glance than never any question at all about this device for pooling bets on a horse race and dividing the sum (minus the track's and State's shares of the amount wagered) among backers of the winning horses. Joseph Oller, the Frenchman, certainly started something with his pari-mutuel invention 50 years ago. Few big business enterprises today can match their annual gross incomes against the total cash turnover of $284,017,996 gambled through the pari-mutuel machines in American race tracks last year.

The fact that unbridled race-track betting is conducted throughout the country with all the mechanized efficiency of a legitimate mass-productive enterprise does not mean that pari-mutuel gambling is good business. The fact that race-track promoters have geared our gambling mania to the pari-mutuel machine does not mean that gambling is good morals. Yet I do not entirely hold with those who oppose the pari-mutuels merely on the ground that they are wasteful poachers on the preserves of legitimate business. Neither should I combat them from the standpoint of morality alone.

Pari-mutuel players will tell you they gamble for the fun of it and that they write down their profits and losses as entertainment. It is futile to insist that pari-mutuel betting is a wasteful, nonproductive business as long as its public following considers it a legitimate form of amusement. Argued from this standpoint, pari-mutuel betting is no more wasteful than, say, the motion-picture business.

I believe we should be better off without race-track gambling, but we cannot get rid of it merely by saying *No*. Experience should have convinced us by this time that so long as we fail to provide a better standard of living for the masses, so long as we fail to substitute

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something better for the little they have, they will resort to such dubious diversions as gambling. Some call it blowing off steam — a phrase that ties in quite aptly with the system pari-mutuel backers describe as a harmless safety valve.

Making Gambling "Safe"

While I do not feel that it is morally wrong for the individual to gamble, we as individuals should not fail to recognize our responsibilities as such to the community as a whole. When we introduce a middleman into the gambling transaction, when we license him to exploit the gambling habit on an unrestricted, commercialized scale, the cumulative impact of millions of individual wagers produces definite antisocial effects. Legalized gambling thus becomes a question of public morality.

Public opinion so far has failed to analyze the cumulative effects of commercialized gambling. And nowhere has this failure been more conspicuous than in the State legislatures.

In its decision revoking the charter of the Louisiana Lottery Company many years ago, the Supreme Court of the United States ruled:

> No legislature can bargain away the public health or public morals. The people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them.

Legislators have not been totally unmindful of that responsibility. That is why, in practically every State where pari-mutuel betting has been legalized, legislatures have subjected permissive legislation to ratification by general referendum.

I have attended legislative hearings in States where pari-mutuel–betting bills were being debated. I have listened to turf promoters and reform groups, lobbyists and legislators. And I have never heard anybody explain or anybody asked to explain in logical detail the complete mathematical process of the pari-mutuel machine. I do not mean that legislators and reform groups in some seventeen States where pari-mutuel betting has been legalized did less than their utmost to learn all they could about the system. But apparently it has never occurred to anybody to take the machine apart and see what makes it tick.

It seemed that opponents of the pari-mutuels were concerned with the morals rather than the mechanics of the system. This unquestioning attitude toward the practical side of the race-track–gambling drive was owing largely to the fact that the pari-mutuel system had been ballyhooed as mechanically accurate and mechanically fraud-proof. Spokesmen for the jockey clubs explained time and again how they had sent representatives abroad to see exactly how the machine worked at French and English tracks. They spoke in glowing terms of the protection it would afford the racegoing public against the wiles of the admittedly notorious bookmakers. You tossed your money into the machine. The State subtracted a modest fee, likewise the track management, and the rest came out here — right into the laps of the lucky players. It was as simple as that.

We failed to detect that the jockey clubs' enthusiasm for the pari-mutuel machine was inspired by their appreciation of what the machine would do for them rather than for the racegoers. They told us the pari-mutuel system was safe because the human element didn't enter into its lightning calculations. But it didn't occur to us that the human element designed it and, therefore, that it was designed to make gambling safe — for those who run the machines.

Some years ago when the pari-mutuel drive was just gathering headway, a well-to-do merchant appeared before his State legislature in opposition to a permissive betting bill. He was a member of an exclusive turf club but resigned when it actively backed the pari-mutuel measure. He spoke against the bill at legislative hearings, not as a disgruntled outcast of the sponsoring group but as a private citizen who believed that commercialized gambling would undermine racing, corrupt politics, injure business, and so, in the long run, prove generally harmful to the community.

I went out of my way to talk with him, not about the bill but about the people who were backing the bill — his people. He told me things about them — how in the old days wealthy turfmen used to sell the race-track–betting concessions to bookmakers and how, with the development of the pari-mutuel machine, they saw a way of usurping the bookmakers' business and promoting gambling for themselves. Although bookmakers usually made fortunes out of placing bets, there was an element of risk involved, and occasionally bookies

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went broke. The pari-mutuel machine removes the element of chance from the business of exploiting those who bet on the horses. The jockey clubs realized this from their study of pari-mutuel betting abroad.

This man who liked horse racing but disliked the gambling racket that attaches itself to the sport saw that the wealthy sportsmen who posed as public benefactors seeking to raise revenues for the State through enactment of pari-mutuel bills and to promote clean sport and improve the breeding of fine horses (there never was a law against clean sport or fine-horse breeding) were really out to establish a monopoly on race-track gambling in America. This man saw all that. But the legislators and the reform group didn't see.

Some of us suspected something like this. But we couldn't prove it, because we took the argumentative rather than the mathematical approach. We debated when we should have multiplied and subtracted. In short, we resorted to the sounding board instead of the blackboard.

I did not see the futility of this at the time. I felt that the opposition put up a pretty strong fight against the gambling lobby. I thought it was enough to cite the shady history of race-track gambling in America, to show what it was like when we tried and discarded it once before. But things were going to be different under pari-mutuel betting. The machine was supposed to change all that.

The Soulless Machine

There is a Chinese proverb to the effect that one picture is worth a thousand words. Something of that viewpoint may help us to improve our perspective in regard to State-supervised race-track betting. If seeing, rather than hearing is needed to wake us up, then the accompanying tabulation should enable us to grasp the mathematical machinations of the pari-mutuel machine.

The table of accounting is based on the fair assumption that the State's share in the process is five per cent of the gross play on the pari-mutuel machine and that the track takes ten per cent of the net amount; also that the pari-mutuel patrons come to the track with the total sum of $1,000 to risk on an afternoon card of ten races. The crowd bets this amount on the first race. The losers, broke, withdraw for the day. The winners stake all their winnings (minus the tax deductions) on the second race — and so on throughout the program of ten races. That parenthetical afterthought about the lawful deductions is the joker in pari-mutuel race-track betting. Here is what actually happens to the $1,000:

Races	*Investment*	*State (5% of gross)*	*Track (10% of net)*	*Balance (to winners)*
First	$1,000.00	$50.00	$95.00	$855.00
Second	855.00	42.75	81.23	731.02
Third	731.02	36.55	69.45	625.02
Fourth	625.02	31.25	59.38	534.39
Fifth	534.39	26.72	50.77	456.90
Sixth	456.90	22.85	43.41	390.64
Seventh	390.64	19.53	37.11	334.00
Eighth	334.00	16.70	31.73	285.57
Ninth	285.57	14.28	27.13	244.16
Tenth	244.16	12.21	23.20	208.75
Totals		272.84	518.41	208.75

* *Recapitulation*

Public	$208.75
State	272.84
Track	518.41
	$1,000.00

Pari-mutuel supporters may protest that this is an exaggerated example of the mathematics of betting. Actually the foregoing figures represent a calculated understatement of the cumulative effect of gambling by machinery. Promoters do not dabble in thousands. In one afternoon during the winter meeting at Santa Anita Park, the public bet $1,000,000 on one race through the track's machines.

I admit that racegoers do not bet everything on every race as long as they continue to win. But most habitual racegoers undoubtedly bet all that they can afford — and too often much that they can ill afford — over the course of the average racing season. For what other reason do race-track promoters limit their race meetings to a carefully prescribed number of days? If horse racing is a healthy sport under the pari-mutuel system, why is it not carried on everywhere as long as weather conditions permit? There is only one answer. At the end of a race meeting lasting up to 60 days, a community can be milked practically dry of solvent bettors. The above balance sheet shows how and why.

This then is the scientifically safe system by which the pseudosolicitous jockey clubs of America were expected to protect the public

* *Table checked by Certified Public Accountant.*

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from the betting frauds of the old-time bookmakers. The legislatures have empowered them to promote a public gambling monopoly, and they have used the pari-mutuel machine to exploit this special privilege on a prodigious scale. Far from safeguarding the people, its remorseless mechanism has only reduced their losses to a mathematical certainty.

Learning the Hard Way

The laugh is on us. Yet the pari-mutuel promoters are not gloating today. They are too busy holding on to what they have. Pari-mutuel gambling is undergoing a heavy fire of public disapproval in several places. We are learning things about the system. But we are learning the hard way.

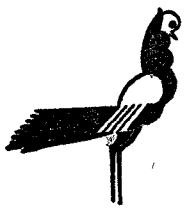
Texas dropped out of the parade last summer after an unpleasant three-year partnership with the pari-mutuels. The people of Texas rebelled against repeated exposures of crime and corruption, fraud and rumors of fraud that cropped out around the statehouse and the race tracks. Repeal of the Texas pari-mutuel–betting law was an encouraging step for antigambling interests everywhere. It did much to dispel the defeatist feeling based on the past experience that, once organized gambling gets in, it becomes financially too powerful to dislodge. Texas racegoers had become so jittery over recurrent disclosures of crooked racing and its seemingly inseparable relation to politics that pari-mutuel patronage gradually petered out. In the end, the Texas tracks had no money with which to fight off the repeal movement headed by Governor James V. Allred.

There are rumblings in Rhode Island, where racing has bogged down as the result of a political row between the Governor and the former kingpin of Narragansett Park, who perverted his newspaper, used a city police force as a private army, selected candidates for public office, and openly boasted about the public officials he could buy.

Governor Quinn had to mobilize the militia to prevent the promoter from staging a fall meeting at Narragansett Park. After a bitter legal battle, Walter E. O'Hara was finally forced to relinquish his control of the track. Governor Quinn has hailed this step as a victory for clean racing in Rhode Island. But many who supported the Governor in his effort to oust the head of this politico–pari-mutuel monopoly will not be satisfied until they have destroyed the gambling system that gives an individual the power to perpetuate his political control. The appeal for clean racing is an anachronism which experience has clearly exposed.

There is a drive under way in the Rhode Island legislature for a referendum on the question of repealing the pari-mutuel law. Merchants, churchmen, labor leaders, and civic welfare groups testify in increasing numbers to the harmful effects of pari-mutuel betting on the social and economic well-being of the community. If the question of repeal is put up to the people at the next election, there is better than an even chance that Rhode Island will vote to give Narragansett Park back to the Narragansetts.

These are some of the results of our promiscuous partnership with the pari-mutuels, or what the dictionary defines simply as "a form of betting on horses in which those who bet on the winning horse share the total stakes, less a small per cent to the management." But our dictionary does not tell the half of it! Were it not for the crime and racketeering which racetrack gambling inevitably breeds, this amazing machine for fooling all of the people all of the time would probably go on forever.



Next month:

"Graduates of Damnation,"

by Roy Best

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Are Housewives Slaves?

A Debate

I — The Sisyphean Struggle

***by* SARA S. MOSER**

NOT ONLY in some European countries but our own as well, much is being written and done to urge women to return to or stay in the home exclusively. It is pointed out that the woman who tries to manage both a home and an outside position frequently does a poor job of both. Therefore it is concluded that the only thing for her to do is give up the outside job and go back into the home. That always has been her place. Why should she try to grow beyond it? So we stumble along, women and men, trying to pour new wine into old bottles.

With an amazing lack of comprehension we fail to take into account the fact that women have made some gain beyond their collective sexual function — hence the necessity for a new home pattern as they emerge from their primitive level.

The days when practically all a woman's energy, both physical and psychical, was consumed in frequent childbearing are gone forever. She does not have to reproduce *ad nauseam*, as she once did through the combined efforts of nature and man. With good reason it has always been glibly pointed out that women are all alike and incapable of making cultural contributions. But originality and independence have no place among slaves, and women were long enslaved to a biological function.

In a physical sense woman has been freed from her sentence of slavery, but she has yet to establish herself as an individuated character, as one who is as free to develop in the varied ways man is. The main substance of her life has altered in degree, in the decrease in number of the children she must bear, but she is still held fast in the ancient pattern and forced largely into one mold regardless of ability, temperament, or education.

Every woman whose personality is evenly developed wants a husband, a home, and children, even as a man does. It is time we gave up the infantile attitude that a woman must choose between marriage and a career. While it is generally best that she devote the major portion of her time to her children when they are very young, there is no reason why she should surrender all personal proclivities either then or later. By the exercise of intelligence and foresight she can establish the proper balance in her life as an individual and a responsible member of the collective mass. But it is the obsoleteness of the home pattern that makes this dual development difficult even when her children have reached a responsible age.

Women bind women to the traditional setup as much as men do. There are many of them

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who, content with things as they are, either through temperament, training, or sheer inertia, cannot tolerate different ways of thinking and living. Progress is never without work and trouble, yet they prefer to remain appendages to man, cut off from life rather than subject to its risks.

By pulpit, radio, newspaper, magazine, by every agency that helps to form public opinion, woman is exhorted to stay in the home. She is told that it is her prescribed sphere, that it is natural for her to be there. Of all arguments, this "natural" one is the most asinine. The whole history of the human race is the effort to control and modify nature.

Psychology has erred, too, in doing some wishful thinking. Since men were its first students, it was entirely masculine in viewpoint. Woman, they contended had no ego; she was only a sexual creature and so no subject for psychology. She was merely the tail to the kite whose only justification for existence was in adapting herself to the caprices and dictates of man.

It took a woman, Dr. Beatrice Hinkle, the first psychoanalyst in this country, to show that there is such a thing as feminine psychology. Tersely she sums up the fundamental difference in attitude toward the two sexes:

> Man's history is the story of a definite, never-ending struggle to transcend instinct. Woman's history is the story of an unending repression of all her desire and effort to transcend instinct.

II

To MANY WOMEN who do not want to limit their lives to the instinctive level of homemaking, it looms up dishearteningly as a veritable Sisyphean struggle. Sisyphus was a king of Corinth who was condemned in Hades to roll uphill a huge stone; but no sooner would he get it almost to the brow than it would plunge all the way down again; and incessantly he had to repeat the ordeal.

For the mother of young children who does all her work with little or no assistance, life is often a similar struggle. Never does she have any specified time off. Her working days are seven days a week, hours unlimited and often longer than usual on Sundays and holidays. Rarely does she know what it is to have a whole day for purely private interests or merely to refresh her soul and body. Over and over again with deadening, unceasing monotony the same chores have to be done. Her energy is consumed in satisfying constantly recurring physical needs. Marketing, food preparation, dishwashing, sweeping, dusting, window cleaning, laundering, baby tending, darning, mending follow each other in endless succession. Seldom is there the satisfaction of a permanent achievement. The pleasanter and more aesthetic aspects of homemaking can very infrequently be enjoyed because of the relentless routine pressure. There is nothing creative and stimulating about working on a treadmill.

Our much vaunted new leisure is largely a myth for these young mothers of whom I speak. True, modern methods have done away with much hard, heavy work, but there are losses in other ways which take a heavier toll of nervous health and give less satisfying returns. The home, as well as much else in modern life, suffers a loss of whole, completed values and a waste of abilities in a mass of uninspiring details, petty odd jobs, constant interruptions and irritations.

The industrial era, which has also brought about the separation of families and friends, has made the housewife's lot lonely and nonsocial. But, when any change is suggested to free her from this solitary confinement, there rises a clamor that her individuality will be destroyed. The objectors are unconscious that under the regimented drudgery already existing there is small chance for original achievement.

A new pattern for home life was given us about 1890 by Mrs. Charlotte Gilman, one of this country's most advanced social philosophers and writers. We have as yet made only fragmentary use of it. Nursery schools for all young children were a part of this plan. Such schools are now no innovation but are accessible still to only a limited number.

While Mrs. Gilman was denounced as an unnatural mother, she stressed the mutual benefit of nursery schools to both mothers and children. For, when children pass their most formative years secluded in homes where they are the objects of an unhealthy amount of attention, they have little chance to develop early in social consciousness and adaptability. On the other hand, the free time made available through the schools to the mothers could be

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used by them largely in learning to take better psychological and physical care of their children. Mrs. Gilman was indignant that women had no expert training for motherhood, and she also pointed out that to be at once a good mother and a good housekeeper is often impossible. Too frequently the highly important work of motherhood is incidental to that of cook, laundress, charwoman, and scullery maid.

To eliminate this wasteful, inefficient housekeeping, as an integral part of her new plan, Mrs. Gilman recommended "professional housekeeping" (not co-operative, as some have believed). Briefly, this meant that all marketing and meal planning and preparation would be done by persons expertly trained in those pursuits. At specific locations there would be professional kitchens from which food would be sent in airtight containers for home consumption. It would thus be more economical in price, to say nothing of human labor, and more scientifically prepared than by many an unskilled housewife who hated cooking. Homes would not necessarily be entirely kitchenless, although such a system would do away with private ownership of the elaborate and expensive equipment which we are all urged to buy and few can afford. The housewife would have a minimum of kitchen equipment, with which she could cook as she pleased without being bound to the three-meals-a-day grind.

Mrs. Gilman did not advocate such freedom from the exhausting, blighting routine of housework in order that women might have more leisure for meaningless activities but instead that they might have the opportunity to grow in social consciousness and responsibility and as individuals capable of making vital contributions to culture and society.

If her plans could be combined with widespread use of the Dymaxion house, described in THE FORUM in March, 1937,* the top of the hill would be reached. This revolutionary dwelling, described as "a house for a god," is designed to eliminate all the more burdensome aspects of housekeeping while giving the maximum freedom for serene, happy, creative living.

Supporters of the *status quo* will object violently to freeing women from their pristine bondage. Why, they will ask, should women be free to choose various types of work when there aren't enough jobs to go around among the men? Such criticism reveals a depressing lack of intelligence and vision and an awful blindness to the stupidity of our present way of existence. Shortage of jobs? Why in combatting ignorance and human misery and in beautifying the earth there are plenty of jobs for everybody for the next million years!

*"*A House for a God*," by Janet Mabie.*

II — Creative Freedom

by MRS. RALPH BORSODI

THE ESSENCE of Sara S. Moser's ringing protest against homemaking for women and her passionate plea for its transfer from homes to institutions such as those which Charlotte Perkins Gilman previsioned is that "to many women who do not want to limit their lives to the instinctive level of homemaking" the making of a home "looms up dishearteningly as a veritable Sisyphean struggle."

Now there are three assumptions implicit in these phrases which must be challenged.

The first derives from her reference to the instinctive level of homemaking. She assumes that all careers other than homemaking — the one career natural to nearly all women — are nobler and more desirable. But many years ago Ellen Key, an even greater feminist than Charlotte Perkins Gilman, summed up the hollowness of this pretense in her statement that "the problem of women was not that of enlarging her sphere, but that of ennobling it."

The second assumption — that all women

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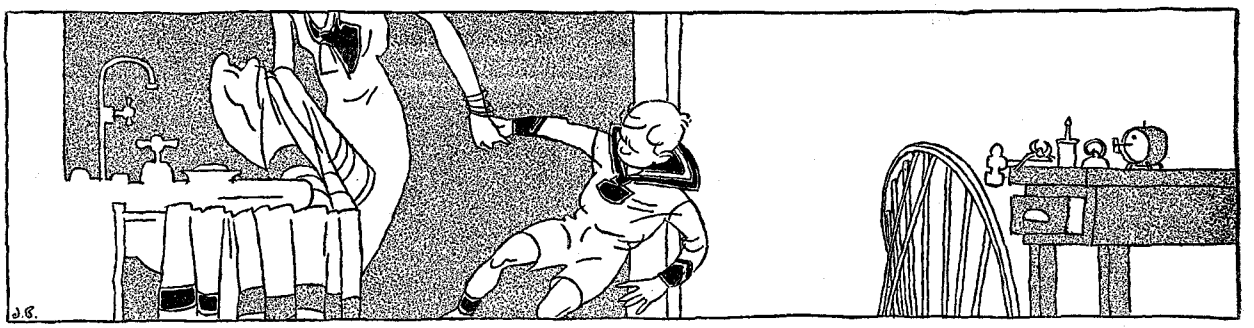

are alike — derives from her failure to recognize that what may be true for some women need not necessarily be true of women generally. Women are feminine, maternal, and domestic in varying degrees. The fact that a very few of them are nonfeminine, nonmaternal, and nondomestic does not justify us in assuming that all of them should live as may be most desirable for the small minority of exceptions. It is perfectly true that some women are exceptionally endowed with business ability, that some are endowed with genius in music and the arts, and that for many of these women it would be best if they felt perfectly free to adopt some career other than homemaking. But this does not alter the fact that for the majority of women the noblest career remains the making of a home and the creating of a family. What Sara S. Moser advocates for all women is a life which is desirable for only a few.

The third assumption is that there are neither ends nor satisfactions in this Sisyphean struggle of homemaking. Miss Moser probably assumes this, as do many nondomestic women, because of a constitutional inability to visualize satisfactions in a work whose spirit she cannot feel.

The woman who pictures the home as a place of endless slavery seems to me like a person looking at a scientist whose life has been unending slavery to his test tubes and wondering what satisfaction he can get out of such a life while knowing little or nothing of his field of work. For him, work in his laboratory may be endless, but it is not without ends. Each discovery or invention is an end in itself; a succession of such achievements is the purpose of his life; the discovery of even one important truth crowns what the outsider might call slavery with supreme satisfaction. Now the reason Miss Moser thinks homemaking unending slavery is that she ignores the fact that nature designed women to be mothers. She ignores the true nature of this supremely important truth and the consequences which flow into every aspect of life for women because of it.

She protests bitterly against the biological functioning of women. She thinks that a woman's acceptance of this and making a home for her children and her family is submitting to unending slavery. And she thinks that rejecting this slavery is freedom to develop in the varied ways man may.

Doesn't Miss Moser know that childbearing ends at about 40? That children grow up? That few women in homes today have more than 2 children? That a large majority of women need more children (rather than fewer), for their own physical and emotional well-being? That most families would be healthier and wealthier if there were more children and more hands for productive jobs in the home (rather than fewer)? That society itself needs more children (particularly from the best types of women), if not only the race but civilization itself is to be maintained?

II

THE TROUBLE with her picture of the slavery of homemaking is that it not only misrepresents the facts with regard to women but misrepresents them with regard to men as well. The vast majority of men are held as fast in the ancient pattern of some conventional method of living as are women. In both instances the sensible thing is not to cry for the moon.

After a lifetime of revolt Margaret Fuller said that she had "decided to accept the universe."

On hearing this, Thomas Carlyle commented, "By Gad! She'd better."

Miss Moser considers the argument that it is natural for a woman to be in the home the most asinine of all arguments. She protests against this way of being natural because she considers that it means remaining an appen-

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dage to man. And she considers that acceptance of this traditional role is to be cut off from life rather than subject to its risks.

Now the truth about life is the exact reverse of this. The woman who does not mate, who does not establish a home, or who does not have children is the one who cuts herself off from life. She is the one who refuses to take those risks which are natural to women because she prefers to take those risks which are natural to a business executive, a professional singer, or one of the many other kinds of people which men or women may become.

A woman of Miss Moser's nature tries to convince herself that a career outside the home is nobler than one inside the home because it is *noninstinctive* or *nonnatural* and praises those women who have refused to limit their lives to the instinctive level of homemaking.

Millions of American women have refused to do this and have substituted the *creative* level of working in steam laundries, clerking behind counters of stores, pounding typewriters, filing papers, or engaging in similar nonhomemaking occupations. It is true that a few women, like a few men, find work and careers which are creative and presumably *not* instinctive. But it is silly to generalize from this for all women.

Under the regimentation and slavery of most of the occupations of women outside the home there is small chance for original achievement. On the other hand, if Miss Moser thinks that all homes are alike and that all children are alike and that there is no opportunity for original achievements in homemaking, a little study of the part which women play in molding, for better or worse, the lives of their children and of all who come within the family circle should enlighten her. No two homes need be alike, no two families, no two children. And they are not. If the product of one home is better than that of another, it is no accident. On the whole, the opportunities for original achievement in the average home compare very favorably with the opportunities for original achievement in the average cannery, dress factory, and stenographic department of a life-insurance company. The fact is that, for every woman who has left the home for a job in which she can do creative or noninstinctive work, a thousand devote themselves to mechanical jobs in comparison with which homemaking is complete self-expression.

In 1890, Miss Moser reminds us, Charlotte Perkins Gilman outlined a new pattern of life for women, far superior to that of homemaking on the traditional pattern. Nursery schools were to be a part of this new pattern, but Miss Moser deplores the fact that this great boon is available to only a few women.

The women who park their children in nursery schools have, it is true, secured a great addition to their leisure time. But what have they done with it? If it could be said that most of these women had used this leisure time in creative work of some kind, there would be some ground for assuming that nursery schools for all women would be good. But the fact is that most of them do not use this time creatively. Most of the women who have actually secured leisure through the new pattern — no domestic work, few children, nursery schools, etc. — have become parasites who devote themselves to killing time rather than using it intelligently.

One thing Miss Moser is blind to, as was Mrs. Gilman, is that this new pattern which is supposed to free women from the exhausting, blighting routine of housework in reality means shifting the ordinary household tasks to other women who do nothing but some one of these tasks all their days. In order that women who do not do their laundry work at home should be free from the 4 hours a week required for home laundrying, 250,000 women spend every day a week, 8 hours each day, at grueling work in steam laundries.

III

THE SIMPLE TRUTH is that Miss Moser is a victim of one of the commonest ideological mistakes in history. It is not creative work but money-making work which she recommends to women. She believes (in common with most people today) that only that work is productive and creative which is paid for with money. If you cook and serve meals and wash dishes in a restaurant all day long and receive money for it, then you are free and are engaged in a creative activity. But, if you do this in your own home, you are not — even though in your own home you decide what to cook and how to serve it.

If women were better paid or produced more wealth as a result of this change there would be something gained. But my own experiments

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show that this is not true. A woman in her own home using modern equipment and efficient methods produces more wealth than the average woman is able to earn in a "gainful occupation."

Because of our cash economy, the woman who has stayed at home has been made to labor under an inferiority complex. Not only has she been made to feel that homemaking is inferior to the work which men do in industry and business but she has been made to feel that it is far less valuable than the work of business and professional women, because the housewife receives no money for the work which she does in her own home.

A careful study over a period of twenty years of the money value of the work which the average homemaker does in the home has proved to me that there is no reason for this feeling of inferiority. The economic value of the work which the average woman is doing in her home is greater than the economic value of the work which the average woman is doing in business. What is more, it is practically the same as the amount earned in industry, agriculture, and trade by the average man.

What is meant by creative and productive homemaking?

Living is a process involving production as well as consumption. In general, women have been led to think that the job of earning money is the productive job; the job of spending it, the consumption job. But this is untrue. Production, in the true sense, has nothing to do with earning money. The woman who cooks at home is engaged in producing meals even though no money is paid for them by those who eat them. The mere fact that the chef, the waiter, and the hotel owner are paid money for the meals they produce does not make them producers and the housewife who receives no money a nonproducer. The meals she cooks have a monetary value; the garments she sews have a monetary value; the clothes she launders have a monetary value.

When all the work of this nature, performed by a woman who runs a real home, is measured in monetary terms, the startling fact emerges that the housewives of America are the biggest industry in the nation. The money value of what the American housewife produces at home is over $20,000,000,000 a year. The value of what was produced on all the farms in the country in the same year the above figure was obtained was only $11,000,000,000. The entire output of the iron and steel mills was worth only about $7,000,000,000; the value of all coal and of petroleum and its products was only $4,000,000,000; of printing and publishing outputs, only $3,000,000,000; of rubber mills, including tires, only $1,000,000,000.

But, while homemaking is our biggest productive industry, this does not mean that the homemakers of America have met all the responsibilities of their job. There are two respects in which they have, in my opinion, failed.

In the first place, they have abandoned to industry many of the most interesting and profitable of the home crafts, in the mistaken belief that industry could furnish these services and products better and cheaper than they could produce them at home. They have not only given up productive crafts like baking, canning, and washing; they have also given to industry the creative crafts such as sewing, weaving, and dyeing.

The second respect in which they have neglected a responsibility is in the use of machinery, power, and modern laborsaving methods. They have not only proceeded under the mistaken belief that industry could produce certain things more cheaply than they could at home; they have also labored under the mistaken belief that modern appliances like the automatic range, refrigerators, mixers, laundry machinery, sewing machines, and looms are luxuries. This is not true. These machines pay for themselves in the home by what they save (or enable the housewife to earn without making a drudge of herself), just as machines pay for themselves in factories and offices by what they enable businessmen to save.

If the women of America would take back into their homes the creative and productive crafts which they should never have abandoned and if they would use modern appliances and efficient methods in working these crafts, not only would they add enormously to the comfort, happiness, and prosperity of their families, not only would they find new arts and crafts in which to express themselves, but their addition to the productive forces of the nation would help more to ensure prosperity and to stabilize industry than anything else to which they might devote themselves.

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Henry Ford, Schoolmaster

by **CHRISTY BORTH**

LAST YEAR some 500,000 people visited Henry Ford's enchanting Greenfield Village just outside Detroit. Most of them thought of this 200-acre replica of early America as a unique museum — a wealthy man's hobby. Few of them realized they were actually seeing a school.

But even the rare visitor who notices the school activities that give life to Greenfield Village is surprised to discover that this is the heart of an educational system with far-flung branches and that the baffling, many-sided Henry Ford is running it all personally. Henry Ford is schoolmaster to some 2,000 pupils at the moment; more than 6,000 have been graduated from his schools — and the business of teaching has become one of his major interests. Yet only scattering hints of Henry Ford's varied experiments in education have so far appeared in print.

In England, he is teaching mechanized farming at the Henry Ford Institute of Agricultural Engineering. At Ways, Georgia, near his winter home, he is running six rural schools for negro children and a village high school and vocational training center. In Brazil, he's combatting illiteracy with schools in the jungle for rubber workers and their children. In a half-dozen little Michigan villages, he has taken over and revitalized the rural schools, delighting the pupils — as he does those at Greenfield Village — with a kind of education that is part progressive, part old-fashioned, and essentially as unconventional as Ford himself.

All this seems the stranger when you consider that, only 45 years ago, Ford was a self-educated mechanic, who, at the age of 30, had floundered dissatisfied from job to job and was considered a tinker rather than a thinker by his few acquaintances. But the tinker became a pioneer in mass production and an industrialist who revolutionized American life. And now the industrialist emerges as a schoolmaster who is trying to bring education into step with this new American life and whose activities are so significant that famous educators come to Greenfield Village to study them.

FUN IN EDUCATION

IT'S NOTORIOUSLY HARD to find Henry Ford. He has no office of his own. You have to wander around hunting for him. And nowadays the best place to hunt is not in the shops or offices of the great River Rouge plant but among his school children in Greenfield Village. He's there much of the time, usually knee-deep in youngsters, obviously enjoying himself while keeping intimately in touch with their progress and problems and enigmatically meditating on new teaching methods to meet their needs.

Observe Ford in those surroundings and you may conclude that he's shy with children. Question them about that shyness and you discover that this is exactly the thing that makes them accept him as an equal worthy of confidences. It's his way of getting answers to his questions.

The schools that Ford operates in Greenfield Village are part of the City of Dearborn's public school system; but they are unlike any public schools elsewhere. The village streets are dotted with the homes of famous Americans and with other historic structures — some reproduced and others transported here piecemeal — and the classes meet in these buildings. The 250 children come by bus from homes in Dearborn. Most of them were registered at birth for this opportunity, for the application list is long, and the rule of selection approximates one used in the Ford employment offices — *Personnel must represent a cross-section of the community.*

When the bell in Greenfield's tiny white chapel rings, it is the signal for the children's daily nonsectarian services. Thursday morn-

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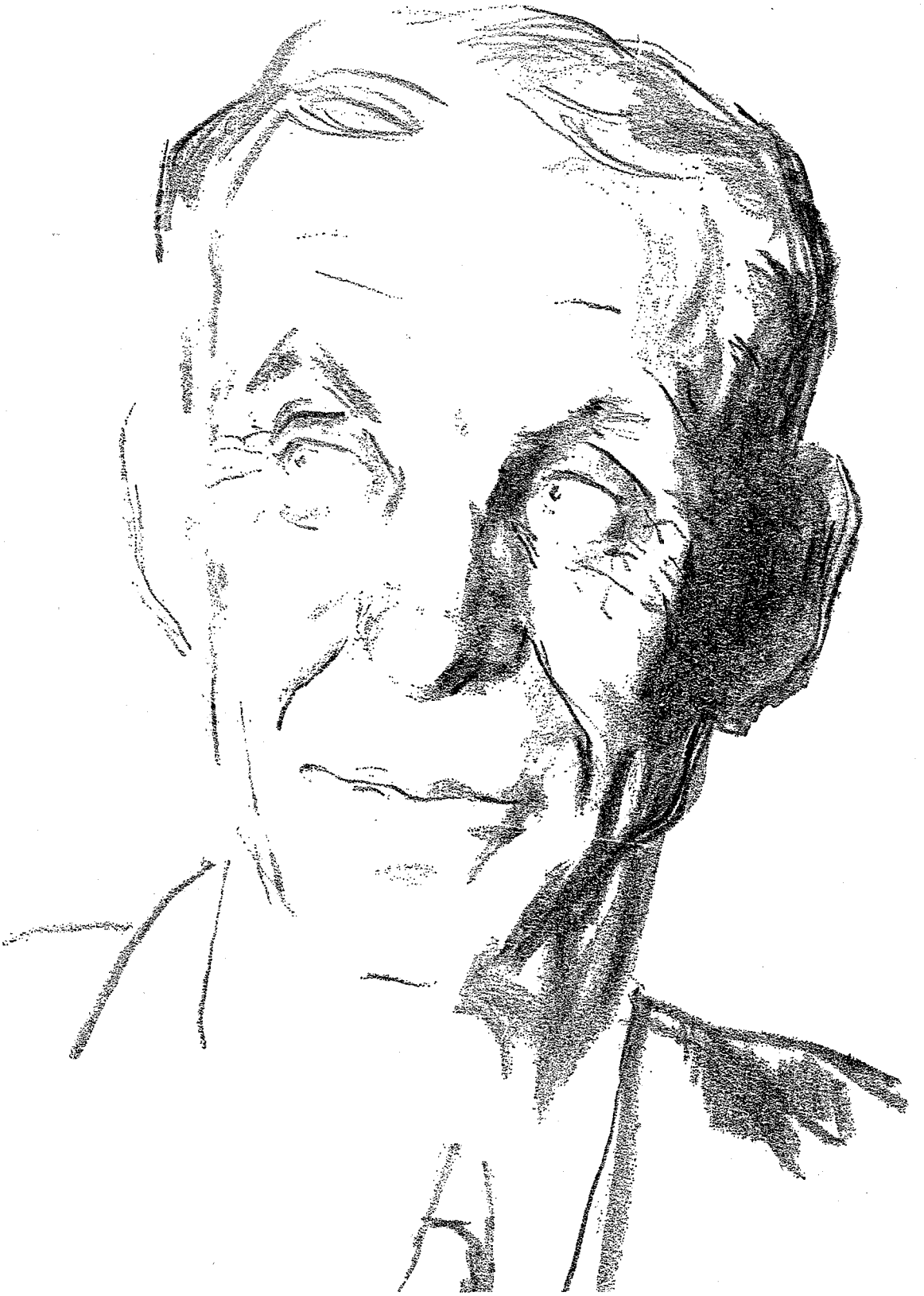

ings, the services are broadcast over a national radio network, under the direction of high-school students who are learning radio technique. The children plan and conduct these devotions. Their lithe, silver-haired schoolmaster sits in the balcony, frequently accompanied by Mrs. Ford and sometimes by Son Edsel and family.

The organist is improvising as the students arrive.

Schoolmaster Ford smiles. "That boy at the organ is a natural musician. Yet improvised

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music was so easy for him that he wasn't interested in learning to read or write it. One day Mrs. Ford heard him improvise a lovely waltz. She asked him to repeat it. He couldn't. We all felt so badly about it that he finally solved his problem. He and his classmates built electrical equipment to record his playing, and now he's interested in sound recording as well as music."

Incidentally, the student-built sound-recording apparatus is now used to record classroom activities and correct sloppy speech habits. Thus, under the Ford policy, the students feel their own way, pursuing as far as they wish each new interest that arises.

The primary children's classes are held in a log cabin — a reproduction of the one-room school which the author of the McGuffey Readers attended as a boy. Inside, it is air-conditioned, indirectly lighted, as modern as a Rockefeller Center office. Nearby is the Play House, a child-size dwelling in which children serve their daily luncheon, setting and clearing the table themselves. They take turns being hosts and hostesses, whose duty is to encourage sensible talk and good manners. Ford believes poise and good manners are essential lubricants of life; he deplores the awkward uncouthness of the average schoolboy; and, through dancing classes and co-operative social activities among his school children, he has developed in them a courteous, confident poise that impresses all who talk with them.

To the rear of the Play House is a tiny barn, stocked with Shetland ponies and miniature farm implements. One day last fall, McGuffey classes were dismissed after Teacher announced that a surprise was waiting in the barn. The surprise was a miniature, steam-powered thresher, with which the children, coached by the Schoolmaster, threshed oats for the ponies.

"What benefit did they derive from that?" you ask.

"They had fun," says Ford. "Because they had fun, they probably learned something valuable."

"You seem to stress pleasure here."

"Why not? Pleasure is a big thing in life. Children know that. Grownups forget it. Life is rich with opportunities for pleasure. We encourage children to grasp them. When there's snow, play in it. If there's ice, skate on it. In summer, swim in the lakes, lie on your back and watch the clouds; listen to the birds; learn about trees and rocks and flowers by living with them. Schools fail if they turn out boys and girls who have to buy all their pleasures."

Symbolic of the "fun" Ford provides is the authentic old stern-wheeler *Suwanee*, moored in a lagoon near the village. On occasion, Ford dismisses classes, summons everybody aboard the *Suwanee* for a cruise about the lagoon, while an orchestra plays Stephen Foster music. Incidentally, Stephen Foster's old home (music-education headquarters) stands near the lagoon.

Not Teaching — Learning

Intermediate classes are held in Scotch Settlement School, a prim old 1-room building in which as a boy Ford received *all* his academic training. Moved from its original site and re-erected here, this school became the birthplace of Ford's present educational program. In September, 1929, when his first 32 students arrived, they discovered, at a rear desk, 2 men trying to recapture the flavor of an autumn day of half a century ago. Henry Ford, industrialist, and Dr. Edsel A. Ruddiman, chemist, were refurbishing with a pocket knife, behind an upended geography, the initials they had carved in the desk when they shared it as Michigan farm boys.

The class in Scotch Settlement School today is being conducted by a 'teen-age girl, while the regular teacher sits to one side. That is policy. Whenever a student shows aptitude, the opportunity to teach is provided.

"I believe children learn more easily when they teach one another," remarks the Schoolmaster. "They enjoy it, that way, and they learn best when learning is enjoyable. The minute a teacher tries to compel them to study, they rebel — if they have any spirit at all."

You watch the girl teach arithmetic, her "easy" subject. She's poised, sure of herself.

"It isn't really necessary to *teach* children," says Ford. "All you need to do is let them learn. They're trying to learn all the time. Christ understood that. We adults would find life much pleasanter if we went about it as a child does — always wanting to learn, always sharing what we've learned, never satisfied with what we know, always wondering what we don't know."

The more you try to find some semblance of form amid the scattering, diversified activi-

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ties going on so bewilderingly in this sprawling combination of village, museum, and school, the more you realize that the foregoing quotation is the key to it all. Ford isn't putting children through a cut-and-dried scholastic system. He is wisely providing for them every conceivable facility for learning what they *want* to learn.

Outside, you see a group heading for the woods beyond the lagoon. "Nature study," you are told, and you hear that it all started when Dr. George Washington Carver, of Tuskegee Institute, visited Ford last year. The famed negro scientist, who arises daily at four A.M., to walk in the woods and "listen to God's orders," merely reported to the children on what he had seen and heard during his sojourn in their village. A nature-study group sprang up spontaneously.

Similarly, a painting class started last summer after an artist set up his easel on the green and commenced to paint.

Observe that, as each new enthusiasm arises, Ford provides full facilities for its development.

Learning to Earn

In the village shops, dedicated to handicraft, students of all ages are working under specialists, few of whom have a "higher" education. Most of them were discovered in the Ford factories. One such is the village cabinetmaker; another is the village potter.

In the textile mills, youngsters are weaving rugs, tablecloths, bedspreads, bolts of suiting, using threads they have previously carded and spun. Under guidance of the village seamstress, they convert suiting into clothing for their own use. Many of the girls are filling hope chests with the things they have made.

Other products of the students' shops are sold to the public through outlets provided by the Edison Institute. Often the boys build equipment to order for a department in the Ford Company's experimental laboratory. They are paid for it. Likewise, those radio students who broadcast the Thursday-morning services are paid for their work.

Here is one of Ford's cardinal ideas in education — earning should go hand in hand with learning.

"Education," he will tell you, "is not something to prepare you for life. It is a continuous part of life. And, since earning an income is a part of life, it should be a part of education. Children should be taught to do things that are useful and hence have value. I don't believe in education merely for earning but in education that will give significance to what is earned."

The earning process in Greenfield Village actually starts in the kindergarten, where children are encouraged to participate in the gardening project. Surplus produce is sold by a student-staffed roadside market, and proceeds are divided equally.

"This year," says Ford, "each child received about forty-two dollars from the garden fund. These little children, earning money with their gardens, teaching each other the knacks they have acquired, helping each other plant and cultivate, are getting a real education. For true education consists in learning to do by doing, learning to help by helping, learning to earn by earning, learning to sustain life by sustaining it."

In the Ford experimental laboratory, adjoining Greenfield, you see high-school boys and girls engaged in practical work, for which they are paid scholarship fees.

Most girls are learning business-office details — by spending regular hours in filing and typing and other clerical work. This is not a theoretical "project." It involves actual business correspondence and records for the Ford laboratory. And, again, fees are paid for the work.

Most of the high-school boys are building machines and engines, working side by side at lathes and benches with Ford employees who are their unofficial advisers as they proceed with a project from original idea, through sketch, blueprint, wood pattern, casting, machined part, and assembled machine. If the final product passes inspection, the maker is paid for it.

The rule in the high school is that students spend four days a week in regular academic classes and the fifth day working at some task of their choice, earning their scholarship fees.

The plan works so well that, if you don't watch them, many of these youngsters will try to slip out for work when it's not their turn. Indeed, in the summer so many students come back daily to carry on their activities in the laboratory and handicraft shops that the teaching staff, one of the most highly paid in the area, is maintained on a twelve-month basis.

In what substitutes for "home economics"

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classes, the girls learn housekeeping by keeping house, taking their turns at actually living in a model home, planning meals, shopping for supplies, entertaining guests.

Laboratories of Living

The techniques of education that Ford is working out in Greenfield Village he is adapting for his other schools in Georgia, in England, in Brazil.

At Detroit, they are translated into action at the Henry Ford Hospital's Convalescent School and the School of Home Arts, which teaches girls the business of running a home.

In New England, they are shaking up traditions in Ford's group of rural schools near his restored Wayside Inn at Sudbury, Massachusetts.

In northern Michigan, they are bringing new life to schools Ford has taken over in formerly prosperous lumbering communities.

At the River Rouge plant, there are a half-dozen schools devoted to specialized training for students from twelve years up. These latter are under the supervision of Frederick E. Searle, who has run the widely copied Ford Trade School for twenty years. One of his most interesting duties is the direction of the Ford Industrial Forum, where undergraduates from American universities earn summertime incomes while working side by side with industrial employees and thus coming to understand a side of life ignored by academic institutions.

Thus, in lands where civilization is an old fact, a new fact, and a fact just being discovered, Henry Ford is schoolmaster. Threescore and fifteen — for most mortals an age of slippered ease and reminiscences about the good old days — is to him a time to plan for decades to come.

Where is the planning leading?

Nobody knows — Ford perhaps least of all. But there he is, absorbed in enthusiastic educational projects, striving to discover what part of education is useful and what part not, believing his quest is leading *somewhere*, feeling sure that his school is ahead of most in educational methods, certain that it is far ahead of where it was a year ago, hoping that his work will be an example to others.

"If the boys and girls of earlier years had learned in school what life is like, they would have done better with their own lives," Ford says. "But they were put into schools that were apart from life and different from it. Here, we are trying to merge schooling and living into one uninterrupted whole, so that there will be no disconcerting break between learning years and earning years. Functional education, some call it. I call it learning to do by doing. Just so long as it turns out boys and girls competent to earn a living — and wise enough to know how to live happily — I'm for it.

"I believe in studying as close to the present as possible and as near to home as possible. In higher education, explore the whole field, if you like, but I'm talking now about the education of boys and girls still growing. Everybody goes to the primary schools; only a few to the universities. Yet even primary education has been patterned to fit into higher education, even though only a handful of boys and girls go on into the higher. Let everything they get at any age be of the highest use to them and as complete as possible, so that, even if they do not go on to higher schools, they will have accumulated definite values.

"We tell our boys and girls to learn about life from the life around them. When they wish to know why some people get along well and others do not, they look around them. From the people living on any street in America, an observant student can learn what makes some successful and happy, others miserable and broke. Lessons in health and sickness, in success and failure are everywhere, if we have the sense to read them.

"Stay close to life! That's our aim. Education cannot make a child appreciate life so much as life can make him appreciate education. We live our way into our thinking more than we think our way into our living.

"Talk about a planned economy! Educate every individual individually, and the mass will take care of itself. There is no system of government and no scheme of life that can relieve you, individually, of the obligation to do your own tasks.

"My experience as an employer showed me long ago that there was not enough kinship between what a man knew and what he could do. The vital connections between life and education are broken, and we aim to repair the break. We are trying to keep life in our schools as nearly as possible like life in the world."

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A Note to Politicians

Gentlemen, let me remind you that liberty is not lost by revolution,
By the sudden appearance of armed men, the parade of tanks, machine
guns drumming,
And the little flowers of men's regard, made out of steel and dynamite,
Blossoming in the streets. All that comes later,
Or not at all. We can do without it. Gentlemen,
It is something else that weakens the freedom in us;
A worm in the wood, a little flaw in the flute;
It is this: that we are not sure enough that we want it.
It is this: that we give it away like bits of an old house,
For something new, a car, or a peck of potatoes.
Liberty, yours and mine, is lost by barter
Before we even begin to know we have lost it;
By trading a little here, and a little there —
For instance, the right to make such things as fences,
And to stand and speak as a man, to honor the truth,
Or even to do an honest job of work.
We can always get a price in the market for rights like these;
There are always some who will sell if we don't want to —
Sell for food, or for spite, or perhaps most often
Just for the sake of being one of the boys,
Brothers by blood, and everyone else stay out of it.
Gentlemen, let me assure you we lose our freedom
When men begin to talk and step like their neighbors,
Even before the guns begin. And as for liberty,
Or those who want it after the rest have lost it,
There is always a length of rope or a rubber truncheon.

Robert Nathan

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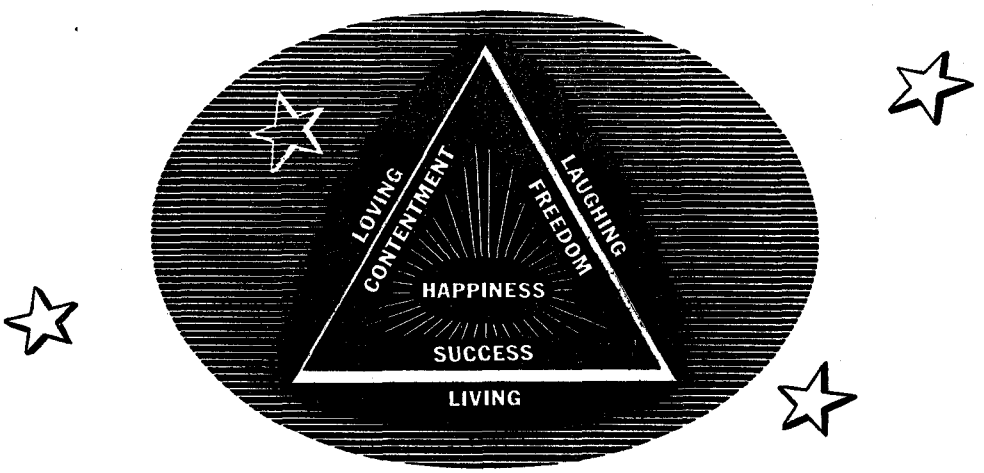
Problems in Living



by **WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON**

PROBLEMS this month are almost equally divided between job seeking and religion, but the job seekers are more importunate.

Before we talk business, let me give you a good liar story contributed by Edward H. Hibbard, a lawyer in Milwaukee:

"Not long since I asked a woman witness how old she was. She replied, 'Thirty-two years and some months.'

"I immediately asked, 'How many months?'

"The court compelled her to answer, and her reply was, 'Sixty-seven.'"

Some of the FORUM Clinic letters are a good deal like this lady's testimony. They tell only that portion of a problem which is most favorable to the witness. The part they leave out is the fault or shortcoming which actually gives rise to the problem. And that, of course, is precisely what a psychologist must know.

Most job seekers assume that finding work depends on factors entirely outside their own control. But it doesn't. Your success in this, as in other projects, depends mostly on yourself. A considerable number of the millions of unemployed people possess greater opportunities and better qualifications for available positions than those who secure them. The unsuccessful applicants fail, for the most part, because they lack two essential characteristics — a real desire for money and a practical knowledge of what they have to give prospective employers. Nearly all the Clinic letters on my desk reveal one or the other of these deficiencies as the cause of the writers' failures to make money. And both weaknesses can be cured.

Consider, first, some typical variations of the lack of real money desire. Several Clinic letters (W. J. Y., Connecticut; T. G. M., Kansas; F. L. P., Michigan; and others) closely parallel the problem of E. S. R., California, who concludes his statement as follows:

> So you see, Doctor, I want money desperately but cannot seem to find a job that I can hold. . . . I lose interest and the job along with it. Please advise me what plan of procedure I should follow to find a permanent vocation. I am badly in need of work since I am married and. . . .

The first step, E. S. R., is to understand the basic psychological principle that *you get what you want* — within the limits, naturally, of your mental and physical capacities. Your body and mind together constitute a high-powered and complicated machine which your controlling desires direct toward favored purposes. Any normal human organism is sufficiently powerful to attain some portion, at least, of the satisfaction which its controlling desire compels it to seek. If you chiefly desire fame, you'll get some of that, even if you have to have yourself arrested to accomplish your purpose. If you want leadership, you will discover some group, no matter how pathetic or insignificant, which you can lead. And, if you want money, money you will get. The total amount of wealth you secure will depend on the relative strength of your money desire and also on the efficiency with which your mental-physical machine functions. But, rest assured, no normal human being is so limited in capacity that he can fail to produce *some* money when a controlling desire directs him toward that end;

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and a strong enough desire for money will steadily increase his money-making efficiency.

You say, E. S. R., that you want money desperately. Forgive me, but I cannot believe you. The way to tell what a man really wants is to observe what he gets. You have obtained a number of positions, each in some line of work which especially interested you. You lost your job or you quit, each time, because you lost interest in that type of work. Your desire, then, in each case, was not for money but for some special activity. Had money-making been your real desire, you would have held the first job you got, which, you say, was the best paid of the lot.

Or perhaps you might have done something quite different — you might have sold soap or made doughnuts or collected junk or started a ladies' escort service — activities which have made fortunes for men I know who desired money more than interesting experience. Now you are up against it; you *need* money desperately, even if you do not want it — yet. Let your need create for you a controlling money desire. Put aside your fickle intellectual wish for the exploration of new mental fields and set firmly in its place a practical desire to make money, only money, not a brilliant reputation, variety in your work, or self-admiration for the "worth-whileness" of what you do.

Think of your wife and your family to come, not of yourself, and *want money for them* with all the strength of mind you possess. Money will be yours increasingly in precise proportion to the increase of your real desire for it.

II

ANOTHER TYPE of money-desire deficiency which frequently occurs is caused by the interference of some stronger, competing desire, as in the case of Miss D. F. of Detroit. She writes:

> I have been a legal stenographer for several years — but business is very bad. Finding another job is practically hopeless. I could and am willing to do housework if I thought that was the best thing for me. . . . I gave my engagement ring back. . . . he is going to a business school and will not finish until September. The other man worked all the time he was in high school to put himself through which proves to me he has a lot of backbone and initiative the other boy lacks. All of which keeps my mind in a turmoil. . . . I get huge waves of self-pity and feel that if I was dead maybe things would be better. What would you advise for such a mess?

Let's straighten out the desire picture, Miss F. You want to earn more money, you say. I don't doubt that. You also desire — though you do not say so explicitly — to marry a man who can support you and to do housework thereafter in your own home. That wish is clearly implied in your behavior — throwing over the man without financial prospects, letting your fancy turn toward a money earner, and in your statement that you are willing to do housework.

In short, you have the typical, feminine desire complex of a girl who wants both love and money and hopes to obtain a combination of the two in the role of supported wife. Society, at present, sanctions this female method of making a living. But not every girl is able to get a love-money marital job, especially if her really controlling desire is money rather than love. Men aren't so easily fooled about a woman's motives as some girls think. But in your mind at present the two desires, love and money, are battling for control. This conflict is driving you to thoughts of suicide, a mental condition which must be remedied at once. Separate your two desires and let each control absolutely its own proper portion of your life. Render unto money the efforts which are mercenary and unto love the strivings which seek opportunity to give.

The moment you assign each of your two controlling desires to its proper place you will begin to make progress toward the satisfaction of both. You won't be hampered in your money-making projects by the constant subconscious wish to abandon job seeking and wait for a prince bountiful. And you will not evaluate every man you know in terms of his money-making capacity. When your money wish controlled you completely you got a good job and kept it, didn't you? Let the same desire control your workaday thoughts and actions again, just as completely, and you will surely repeat your former success.

When your love wish had no supported-wife notion to hamper it, you fell in love with a young man and got yourself engaged to him. You can repeat that performance also and next time carry it through to greater fulfillment. I believe from your letter that you are a girl with plenty of energy, intelligence, and resourcefulness, amply able to earn a competent living. Cast off the hobbles of man-seeking from your

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honest desire to make money and watch the dollars fly — your way.

III

Now we have a second set of money-seeking problems which require quite a different answer.

Mrs. V. V., of New York City, writes:

> Apparently your idea is that if you want money BADLY enough to work for it to the exclusion of everything else, you can get it. Well, I do, and would work 16 hours a day to get money, — in fact, have *Done* so. So what then? I am 65 years old. But I can walk, run, dance as tirelessly as a young girl. I pass everywhere for 42. I am a writer of fiction and have received as high as $1,242 for one story. Up to two years ago, when the new trend for sophistication came in, I was selling fairly well to magazines. Since that I have not made a sale. I spend an average 12 to 16 hours at my desk, studying, reading, writing, but lately everything comes back. . . . I can't squeeze any more out of that. I still believe that someday, somehow, I shall get a break and to that end I keep on writing (duds) and trying to sell them. Can you advise me what to do to make some money?

You desire money; there's no doubt about it. But your difficulty is this: you do not realize what you have to sell. The fiction market is a tough one; it takes, as you say, a modern slant and, besides that, a lot of other things that no old-timer is likely to possess. But you have other assets besides your fiction. You have clear, concise, yet dramatic writing ability which is needed by dozens of publications specializing in nonfiction: trade journals, house organs, grocery-chain giveaways, local home news services, and various syndicate feature markets.

Get up from your desk. Use your walking ability and your indomitable spirit to canvass these outlets for experienced writing in New York City. Put some of your ideas and some of your rich and living experiences in outline form and persuade editors to read them. *Catalogue what you have to give that other people want.* People will always pay for what they need — it's up to you to find out what that is and give it to them, for I am sure you have it.

The same advice applies to you, Joseph M., of San Francisco. Mr. M. writes:

> I tramp the streets and pay calls on men with whom I have no "pull" in the hope of finding an opening, but there is no opening. "It's the times." I have written 135 firms a most excellent application letter, and I have received about 40 replies to the same effect: "We regret that we have no opening but will place your letter on file for future reference." I must devise a method of existence, but how will I start? I am not needed — I have no "pull." Does not a situation like this present a challenge to a program of intelligent citizenship?

I should think, Mr. M., that it challenges rather a program of intelligent self-appraisal.

Pull, in the long run, gives no more than a chance to show what you've got. Four out of five of the boys I know who got jobs by pull lost them again when they proved they had nothing else. If you sit down before you begin job hunting and figure out something you have to offer which the employer needs, the presentation of that something constitutes a far more effective introduction than pull.

Here's an example of what I mean.

I was supervising personnel for an advertising agency. Our payroll was full to overflowing.

A young man came to me and spoke his piece as follows: "I know you are turning men away. But I won't cost you anything more than telephone calls and postage. I can borrow enough to live on from my cousin. I have some contacts and I know that inside three months I can get this agency an account."

I gave him an office in the agency. Within the time set, he landed two accounts. Now he is one of the major executives and part owners of a nationally important advertising concern.

He had a compelling desire to make money and a controlling common sense which enabled him to size up the assets he possessed that I wanted. He offered those assets and asked no payment *until they had paid for themselves.*

Offering something your buyer cannot afford to refuse is the principle to go on. Everybody has something. A poor lad who gave his entire time and services as stock boy for $2 a week died worth $5,000,000. He sold his only asset at 90 per cent discount to someone who needed it, a procedure which paid huge dividends. It always does. An offer of something desirable for a low price is worth all the pull in the world. And you who have these problems may spend profitably whatever time it takes to inventory your own individual assets and discover who needs what you possess.

Next month: Your religious problems

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No College for My Son

by **JAMES CARROLL**

I HAVE TWO college degrees myself. I have earned my living inside and outside colleges and universities. But I am not sending my son to college.

For four years now my wife and I have debated this question, while Jimmy was in prep school. During the previous 25 years I had observed 5 generations of college students and checked and rechecked my own relationships with society. Jimmy shall not go to college because we want him to get the best out of life. We want him to *succeed* in the conventional American sense of the word.

Jimmy is nineteen. He has just graduated from a slightly snobbish private academy. He is a four-letter man — football, baseball, basketball, and track. He dances courageously and ill. His grades were nothing to speak of — about C plus. He doesn't, of course, distinguish at all between *ingenious* and *ingenuous*. And he still writes *posts* or *poasts*, *roll* or *role*, *seperate* or *separate*, with grand indifference.

But he is somewhat familiar with the Supreme Court problem. He can define *county tax rate*, *clerk* and *master*, *justice of the peace*, and *Federal Land Bank*. In business affairs he is as sharp as a horse trader. He can be depended on in crises requiring courage and decision. He is quick to resent injustice to himself or friends. He fights precisely at the drop of the hat, neither a nervous second too soon nor a cautious one too late. He is, I think, a normal, average, intelligent, aggressive American youth.

He has the option of entering business in either our small town of 3,500 or the neighboring city of 200,000 population. He can take off with some slight family backing in lumber and building supplies and the allied field of contracting, in railroading, or in banking. Or he can get a job with "working up" opportunities in any business whatever. At present he is managing our farm of 350 acres. But others have a prior claim on family support, and the farm is conservatively mortgaged. If I were to send Jimmy to college (and thus open up the professions to him), I could just manage it financially without borrowing.

If my son were above average — if he were a scholar, an artist, a genius — I should certainly insist on either college or some other type of special training for him. And, similarly, if he were a weakling, a coward — if he were timid and unsure of himself as an individual — I should urge college on him. But he is none of these.

In arriving at our decision, we asked ourselves what Jimmy can expect of life — what success, American plan, *is*. Second, we asked ourselves how far along the road to this success Jimmy would be four years from now (a) in college, (b) out of college.

Jimmy, of course, wants an automobile right now (and also forever). He wants an income to support the automobile and the girl that goes with it, the home and the wife that goes with that. He wants these things in a feudal sense, in perpetuity and unassailably his own — hence he must have independence. To have these things at the discretion of a boss, a job, a salary, won't suit Jimmy. To have them ten, twenty years from now won't suit him either. And college leads almost inevitably to either the starvation years of the lawyer, the doctor, the dentist, or the job of the engineer and the teacher.

Jimmy wants a place in a community. He makes friends happily. He likes people, wants to work with them, play with them, join their organizations. At nineteen his constituency is spread over three cities and three counties. It is an area large enough to send him to Congress. And Jimmy wants to build inward, filling up the gaps.

Four years at college would break the lifeline of these affiliations. And what would those years offer instead?

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Superiority to his fellows? What will it profit Jimmy to say, "He doesn't," when all his equals and associates — congressmen, senators, governors, landowners, and business magnates — say, "He don't"? And shall he return as a missionary to his people, a teacher forsooth? Why, Jimmy will sit on the board that hires the teacher and fixes his salary (and doubtless selects one of Jimmy's kinsmen for the job). No, Jimmy's superiority, such as it is, will be real. He will float precisely at the level of his specific gravity. No one will debate his qualifications or push him up or down.

But what of the wide horizons, new faces, new places, the grand adventure that college might bring? Romantic illusions of the expatriates — fictionists, poets, students — in the days before the automobile, the movie, and the radio had brought the world of banalities into every living room! Yes, the teacher can move from city to city, State to State — from the mud flats of Mississippi to the black wax of Texas or the shale of the Piedmont hinterlands. Or the engineer may achieve a glamorous position with some giant industrial corporation. But such changes are definitely expatriation. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of Jimmies do hold good jobs — important positions, they are called — with insurance companies, railroads, law firms, and so forth. But real strength derives from the community. So long as one doesn't commit a felony, one is bound in it as in a web. Knowledge of and conformity with that community are power. Here Jimmy's "averageness" is already superiority. He is the cream of the crop. He rose in competition with every element in his own society. Our college graduates who do filter back home — except as they be professionally equipped — have no perceptible advantage over young men like Jimmy as reward for their four years' effort and their expenditure of some thousands of dollars.

Superfluous Objections

Jimmy wants to be a man in the average American connotation of manhood. He doesn't want to be a moral man, a religious man, or a literary man.

It is my observation that college damages the essential element of manhood — the forthright, authoritative perception of reality. It substitutes therefor the authority of books, "authorities," tradition — all jelled in a messy moral intent — and of unintelligble good-citizenship slogans and programs.

The private classical and ecclesiastical colleges are the worst offenders as regards the moral intent. They present only moral literature, for example. The rip-roaring, bawdy realities of life enshrined in Rabelais, Joyce, Boccaccio, and even Chaucer and Shakespeare are carefully deleted. Evolution is presented as a design of a personal, self-conscious Creator. Whether it is or not, I wouldn't know. But no *man*, probably, will take exception to the statement that life, so far as we can observe it in the large, in all its historic and biological manifestations is amoral. I should prefer Jimmy to observe the phenomena of his community and devise his own modes of conduct. And, if God should reach him in some sudden ecstasy of his young life, I personally hope it may be through some channel of the blazing sun, the miracle of birth or spring, rather than through the influence of the authorities, even our local ministers.

The land-grant colleges and State universities are the worst offenders in good citizenship. In those uplifters of the State (the Commonwealth, they prefer to call it) a student is supposed to equip himself for State service. He must give up his own personal appetites and ambitions. If he had thought of becoming a lawyer and the last "State-wide survey" shows a deficiency of doctors imperilling the best interests of the Commonwealth, lo — it is almost his sacred duty to become a doctor. Of course, this is good publicity for these institutions, for, bless them, they must have both eyes on the State legislature.

But, aside from this professional State service, the student must *think* good citizenship. He must live and dream about the constitution. At breakfast he must discuss unicameralism. And here — in the university, mind you — he is drilled in definitions of such terms as *Justice of the peace* and *quarterly county court* and instructed in the moralities of refraining from not voting.

Actually, the university students need these

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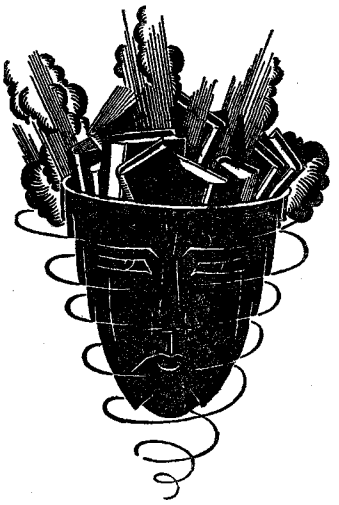
fundamentals. They don't know them. But Jimmy does. His only danger is he'll lie about his age and vote while he's nineteen. He hates the justices of the peace in their own right and probably intends to become one as soon as he is able. He even knows that the public-school textbooks relate highly fictionized versions of the careers of our governors and public men, because he observes their more notorious scandals from day to day in the press and in the intimate political gossip around the courthouse and the State capitol. He knows that judges get drunk, that county trustees embezzle funds.

I can't see that going to college can help Jimmy to be moral, a good citizen, or, least of all, a man.

A College Boy's Life

Aside from whether college would do Jimmy any good, it would certainly do him a considerable amount of harm.

Any congenial gang life smashes an individual's fixations right away. Hence, perhaps, the social usefulness of "wild" parties for the individual resilient and serious-minded enough to snap back to his own convictions and sense of direction. Hence also, perhaps, an underlying effect (though not certainly a confessed theory) of college life: the gang existence smashes the individual's fixations of prejudice, taste, etc., while the formative influences of instruction mold the plastic clay into a more proper, a more social pattern.



Certainly the smashing takes place. Jimmy twitches in his boots if the gang is down at Sally's while he is at his books. And when he replies, "Oh yeah?" to my moral platitudes, the gang is speaking through his lips. The only hope for a boy in a gang is either escape from it or the happy accident that the gang is corporately moral and socially conditioned — the sort of gang he expects to grow up with and transact business with.

College would succeed well enough in the smashing process, but it would fail to remold Jimmy's plastic clay nearer to heart's desire. Jimmy would not be present when the Phi Beta Kappa rolls were called. The librarians would know him not. In class he would sit in the back row with the broad-shouldered lads. Big-chested, laughing with white teeth, he (and they) would breast the stream of girls flowing by the varsity soda fountain, very like boulders in a rippling stream of beauty. His conversation would consist largely of *Hi there! How ya doin'? What d'ya know?* And the verities of life expounded according to the college-gang philosophy in long bull sessions would not be a satisfactory substitute for the convictions Jimmy has already.

Jimmy needs his own fixations. They are the principles of his community. Already he is well grounded in them. He knows what the local labor situation is and has ideas about it. He has observed the effect of industrialization in a small town and disapproves it. He knows where and largely how people make their money. Warehouses, suburban additions, newspapers are bought and sold under his nose. Politically and economically he is no longer naïve.

I am unwilling to risk the disruptive forces of college on Jimmy. It is my observation that college graduates are likely to be confused, baffled, uncertain and that they often do not know how to act.

In Dollars and Cents

But am I not aware of the greatly increased earning power of college graduates? For certain statistics show that elementary-school graduates earn $32,000, high-school graduates $48,000, and college graduates $72,000 during an average lifetime — about 65 years.*

In the teaching profession, earning power increases almost uniformly with schooling. Possibly this holds true in library work and in a few other isolated types of career jobs. Otherwise the figures are largely deceptive or meaningless. Al Capone and a dozen racketeers with no schooling can acquire incomes far in excess of college graduates. I could quote the Beards and Josephson to show that the large fortunes in this country were founded by men of little

* Why Go to High School? *by W. J. Little, 1928, Bobbs-Merrill.*

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schooling. These would not be sound arguments, of course, but they lead to curious meditations on money-making.

On one of our local newspapers are 5 reporters with college degrees. They earn an average of $35 per week, somewhat low even for a town of 200,000. The star reporter is a high-school graduate earning $75 a week. The advertising manager, also a high-school graduate, earns $200.

Investigation of other situations could, of course, reverse this picture. The point is, I believe, that there is very little causal connection between schooling and earning power. Native intelligence, initiative, and courage can be checked — though perhaps not checkmated — by illiteracy or grossly insufficient training. They can be checked also by the four-year vacation at college and by college theorizing and authoritarianism.

High-school graduates in the large come from families of more general ability and higher social and economic position than those able to afford only an elementary-school training for their children. College graduates in general take off from an even more superior position, with the native equipment of the highly selected few. Statistics are not available comparing the earning power of college graduates with that of those who could have gone but didn't go to college.

The average income in most professional groups is not impressively large:

U. S. Average Annual Incomes

Doctors	$4,000
Teachers	1,500
Engineers	1,500
Lawyers	1,000

These figures are not great enough to daunt Jimmy. He has in mind also the four to seven years during which most of these professional men earned nothing but spent instead at least $1,000 a year. Statistics have yet to be produced to convince me that a college education will help Jimmy greatly toward increased earning power.

Wasted Education

If I am accused of having toward Jimmy a low and crass attitude — if I'm forgetting that he is a human soul, if I consider him merely another unit in a dollar-chasing society — I plead guilty. Jimmy is not a silk purse. If he's a sow's ear, he is at least built on the American plan. He and the youths he now associates with, that group known as college prospects, consider themselves the salt of the earth. And so do I.

The college would agree, I believe, that Jimmy ought not to grace its halls. The classrooms are jammed, the taxpayers burdened with Jimmies. They come in droves to strew the campus with cigarette stubs, to join fraternities, to make the teams, to neck with the girls; to do not much drinking, not much crapshooting but to have grand bull sessions, stage mighty pranks, leave with splendid memories. And — I was about to forget — for degrees!

College cannot educate these young animals. Literature rolls off them like water off a new automobile. Science entices them a little way. But they know all the secrets of life already. The particularities and precisions of scholarly research excite their humor and contempt. The classroom irks them heartily.

The college yearns to be educational and can't — because of the mass of students there who ought not to be there. I'm going to do my part at both ends. I'm not going to send Jimmy.

White-Collar Farmers

But, even if I were sending him, under no circumstances would I permit him to enroll for liberal arts or its "crip" substitute, education — as all others of his sort do, by reason of simple indecision. Liberal arts aims at something or other called Culture, education at teaching. Jimmy would detest the essential idea in Culture if he should ever discover it. And teaching? — he would plunge into any other mortal sin before *that.*

We did debate agriculture, for several reasons — primarily its independence and its freedom for exercise of Jimmy's kind of manhood, perhaps secondarily the very important consideration that Jimmy is more or less launched in that occupation already. If I were a businessman I should have debated commerce, so surely, if Jimmy is going to be a farmer, I ought to insist that he be a good farmer! Well, I do. And I ought, therefore, to take advantage of the splendid agricultural courses offered by the State universities? But I ought not!

So far as I know there aren't any splendid

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agricultural courses. The primary purpose of the agricultural colleges is to offer culture to selected groups of farm boys so they may return with sweetness and light to leaven their respective communities. The citizenship and uplifted-commonwealth ideas are rampant and really serious in these colleges. They are intent on training missionaries in the guise of county agricultural agents, editors of farm material, and extension experts.

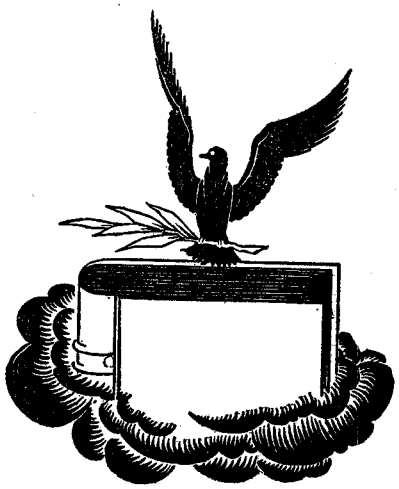
Agricultural graduates must be Real College Men. They must shine with as much polish as liberal arts and engineering graduates. Hence the ag curriculum is replete with English, mathematics, languages, history, and all the conventional arts and sciences. There is of course a smattering of agriculture here and there. But it is *book* agriculture. Ag students dirty their hands no more than divinity students. Neither do the professors. Nor, indeed, do any of them by any chance ever go out of doors. Those fancy herds, the huge barns, these magnificent fields — all operated at a whale of a financial loss — are superintended by a real dirt farmer with a high-school education. He never comes into contact with the students. He removes his hat in the presence of the deans and Ph.D.'s. Those beautiful experimental plots have no connection with the students either. They are the playthings of the research scientists paid by the federal government. The students have no conception of — and are never told — what the experiments are all about. For, indeed, the professors themselves do not know! The professors actually have no contact or connection with the research men.

Aside from the administered book learning, the professors drill into the students moral and perfectly proper and obvious principles and objectives: the necessity for keeping accurate farm accounts, preventing soil erosion, installing running water and electric lights, joining the farm bureau, participating in community gatherings.

All this may be lovely. The farmer, horny-handed son of toil, poor chap, has long been a symbol of depraved ignorance and poverty. Indeed he actually is in vast hordes a hick, a hayseed, and a rube. And may sweetness and light prevail for his sake! But none of him ever attends an agricultural college — or even high school. And generally he never heard of county agents prior to the AAA and other recent national largess. For him, indeed, let something be done if possible. But the improvement of his life is not agriculture — not in Jimmy's sense. It is not agriculture for profit.

Jimmy will have to learn his agriculture on the farm. And, if he doesn't choose to farm, he can learn banking in a bank, contracting with a contractor. While he is learning, he will live in his community, expanding his knowledge, his contacts, and his friendships. He will save his money. Then at the proper, the strategic, time, he will buy into society — he will acquire a seat on the human stock exchange.

And the $4,000 or so I might have expended on his college education will come in handy as a starter.



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I, the Happy Introvert

by **SPEYTON HENRY**

IT IS HIGH TIME that some outraged introvert rose up in defense of his kind, to pour the vials of his righteous wrath on the heads of those pseudopsychologists who have divided mankind into the two classes of intro- and extroverts and have judged them according to their own petty standards. Whether the Jungians who formulated this facile classification demonstrated the superiority of the extroverts over the introverts is a moot question. This, however, is definite — it has become the fashion, of late, to deprecate introversion and all it stands for. Those who "belong" look on the introvert with mingled pity and aversion and regard him as a sick person who must be cured of an insidious weakness and turned into an affable extrovert if he is to be allowed to mingle with society.

I am an introvert. I do not make this announcement shamefully, as one confessing to a mental disorder. Rather, I am prepared to shout it from the housetops. As a high-spirited Hebrew might disdainfully inform his persecutors, "I am proud I am a Jew," so do I boast of my introversion and look with scorn on a world of extroverts.

After all, what right have these self-styled psychologists to conclude that introverts are undesirables? That they hold and further such an opinion is evident to anyone able to understand the terminology of popular psychology. Magazines and newspapers feature questionnaires for self-analysis. *Are YOU an introvert?* they ask, much as they might demand *Are YOU insane?*

One would expect such an attitude to be rife only among the comparatively uninformed, but it is prevalent even in our colleges. Indeed, nowhere is the introvert attacked with more fanatical zeal than in teacher-training institutions. Teachers' colleges are the strongholds of determinists who are dead set on measuring personality, with their own private ideals as the norm. Myself when young did eagerly frequent such an institution. Fortunately, as a typical introvert, I was accustomed to thinking at my own volition and with my own brains. Consequently the teaching to which I was exposed did me no harm. The efforts of the authorities to make an extrovert of me I regarded with suspicion, much as a dog regards a piece of meat which is filled with ground glass. Nevertheless those altruistic missionaries were unrelenting in their efforts.

At one time, when I applied for permission to take one half-credit of study above the maximum allowed, they granted my request on one condition (aside from the requirement that I pay extra for the half-credit). The stipulation was that I should become Activity Minded; that I should become a joiner of clubs and organizations. They were kind enough to leave to me the choice of the activities I should elect.

Naturally, I rejected their offer with indignation and resolved to do without the half-point I was seeking. Any self-respecting introvert would be miserable at an "enjoyable," school-spirited campus function. In addition, an introvert is a natural rebel, and to force him to emulate his brethren is like forcing a refractory mule to work when he has decided not to work.

The attitude of the university as a whole was personified in a coed with whom I was speaking one day. Rather, I should say *to* whom, for she was a typical, perfectly brainless (or brainlessly perfect) extrovert.

Some outstanding bit of Babbittry had roused my ire, and I was letting this female know just what I thought of the college.

She listened respectfully, but gradually her open-mouthed awe became touched with fear. Edging away from me, she whispered, fearfully and indignantly, "Why, you must be an introvert!"

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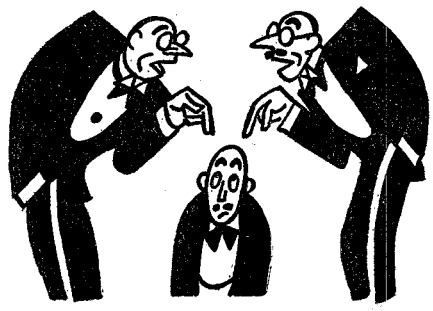
She was further confounded when, instead of shrinking in shame before that heinous accusation, I merely inflated my chest and replied, "You're d—— right I am!"



Poor girl, she possessed no immunity against education.

Still, poor girl though she was, in her inmost heart she regarded me as a moral leper. I could see the aversion in her eye, struggling against admiration. Why was she inoculated with such an attitude? Why did the policy-formulating powers regard us introverts as misfits who must be saved, willy-nilly, if we were to be entrusted with the noble task of teaching the multiplication table to rebellious adolescents?

Our Debt to Introverts

I will admit that, when an introvert is inveigled into attending a social function, he may not be the life of the party but, at the same time, I insist that he is certain to be the brains of the party. To be sure, it does not necessarily follow that all extroverts are stupid; I merely affirm that in quality of gray matter the average introvert outweighs two or three average extroverts.

It is true that we introverts are practically all poor mixers; we are moody, sensitive, somewhat morbid, emotionally inhibited, nervous, and often neurotic. But still the possession of such attributes is not sufficient reason for branding us as undesirables, especially when such characteristics are compensated for by unusual intellectual powers, aesthetic appreciation, and emotional fineness and sensitivity.

Let the extroverts rationalize the situation as they may — there is but one real reason why introverts are persecuted. That is because they are different; an introvert stands out in a crowd like a sore thumb. It is common knowledge (albeit concealed knowledge) that society will not tolerate distinctiveness. Little Sammy Cohen is teased by his school fellows not because he is a Jew but because the other boys feel that Sammy is somehow different and does not belong.

And so society, which must of necessity be largely extroverted if social mores are to be perpetuated, feels that the introverts are the aliens in our midst. And, taken as a whole, society is not a very lovely aggregation. But yet society, ranging from the great unwashed up to college professors, has outlawed the introvert and branded him a weakling.

The halos of fame and the mists of time have blinded observers to the fact that nearly all the great men of all time were introverts. In certain fields, of course, such as military science and athletics, there were no introverts. But these fields are just the ones which have contributed nothing of value to civilization.

Suppose all babies who showed signs of introversion had been exposed on the hillsides. We should have had no Jesus, no Gautama, no Confucius, no Spinoza, no Kant, no Washington, no Lincoln, no Edison, no Einstein.

I do not claim that all great men have been introverts. And, in numbers, the extroverts eclipse the introverts among the near-great. But, of that select society which comprises the truly great, the reverse is true. The extrovert is too human to be truly immortal.

Perhaps a comparison of two men in the same position but of different types would demonstrate the difference between introversion and extroversion. Consider the characters of Abraham Lincoln and of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Both will live in history forever. Both achieved the same noble goal, and yet, innately, the two are diametrically opposed. Lincoln, moody, melancholy, thoughtful, taciturn, given to much reading and study, is a clear-cut example of a marked introvert. Roosevelt, on the other hand, affable, genial, smiling, charming, a lover of action rather than of books, is an example of an extrovert of the first water. Both are great figures. And yet will Roosevelt ever loom as large in history as the somber figure of Lincoln? He lacks the inner power that Lincoln had, the extra something that makes the introvert different.

It is evident that introverts do not receive their due consideration from society. Perhaps someone should organize a League for the Appreciation of Introversion. Notice that I say *someone*. I, myself, would have nothing to do with it. I should not even join it. And neither would any other introvert.

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Hypocritical Democracy

by **WALTER A. TERPENNING**

"This is the most democratic government on the face of the earth," says my neighbor on the right.

"Hell, no!" says my neighbor on the left.

Several young democracies have recently been abandoned on the doorsteps of their progenitors, and the progenitors are trying to determine whether their own hereditary traits were worth propagating. When paternity is acknowledged, it is somewhat shamefacedly admitted, and the self-critical sires are suspicious that their own germ plasm may include some undemocratic chromosomes.

Not until recently have we Americans questioned the democratic nature of our democracy. We first grew a little tired of dying for democracy and now we are beginning to wonder if we are not going to die *of* it. The old Fourth of July spread-eagling is gradually disappearing except in so-called patriotic societies; and even the Daughters of the American Revolution are telling us, in their *Manual for Immigrants*, that it really wasn't a revolution after all.

The practice of self-criticism is as rare a virtue in nations as in individuals. Unless our American democracy can develop that virtue, it must go the way of all the unself-critical proud, the way of destruction. We must learn, as it is obvious that we have not yet learned, to analyze and appraise the ideals, the forms, and the processes of our so-called democratic being. We can then decide whether our dementingly desperate problems are the result of a democratic inheritance or a lack of it.

Democratic Idealism

In the heat and haste of passion, our nation was polygamously married to an assortment of not altogether congenial democratic ideals, and we have been repenting at leisure and openly flirting with undemocratic, courtesan ideals ever since. The more we philander, the louder we shout that America is the most democratic government on the face of the earth.

Democratic idealism is closely related to Christian idealism, and we are as hypocritical in the practice of the one as in the practice of the other. We call ourselves a Christian nation and forget that the founder of Christianity was called the Prince of Peace and that he advocated the universal brotherhood of man and the law of love. Our record shows us to be one of the most warlike, materialistic, and selfishly acquisitive peoples in history. Our democratic declarations furnish as dependable a list of the characteristics which we do not have as do our religious professions.

The ideals of democracy were no more the inventions of the first democrat than were the ideals of Christianity the inventions of the founder of the Christian religion. The natural mother of both democratic and Christian ideals is the sense of human solidarity and "we" feeling present in all intimate associations. These ideals sprout and grow in face-to-face groups such as the family, the neighborhood, and the play group of children. Christianity was based on the Hebrew family life, and it puts the emphasis on family ideals, while the purest democracy on earth is the play group of children. Democracy, like Christianity, is an institution which undertakes to systematize these primary ideals and to extend them to secondary organizations. The ideals of democracy are loyalty, lawfulness, freedom, and the derivatives of

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these three, such as the natural rights of the individual, equal opportunity, and fair play, or justice.

Perhaps it is too much to expect that such lofty ideals can be realized in a heterogeneous population of 125,000,000, especially since these ideas must be born again in each succeeding generation and since this heterogeneous population is made up, for the most part, of offscourings of European populations or the descendants of such offscourings. In any case, such realization is still as far away as the Kingdom of Heaven.

We, the People

There are only two alternative substitutes for the old integrating force of kinship — authoritative unity and voluntary loyalty. In our democratic passion, we committed ourselves to the latter. To what extent have we developed a national loyalty?

The best index to our national loyalty is the quality of our patriotism. Is our patriotism of the sort which motivated the children of Israel as they sat by the rivers of Babylon and wept, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, may my right hand lose its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I remember thee not"? Or is it the brand of patriotism revealed in the drunken sprees of the "nonpolitical" American Legion at annual conventions held for the purpose of robbing the United States Treasury in the interest of helping business? Or is our patriotism better typified by the black-listing Daughters of the American Revolt from England, whose ethnocentrism is equaled only by that of the savages on the Congo when they pity the foreigner and say, "He is without our background and our culture"? Our American patriotism seems to be largely characterized by the braggadocio usually indicative of an inferiority complex.

One would need the lantern of Diogenes to locate an American citizen whose loyalty has been stretched to the stature of the national being. The loyalty of the average American is not sufficiently elastic to stand the strain of expansion beyond the limits of a social class or a section of the country or a political party. If we lean on a voluntary co-operation and loyalty in any national enterprise, we lean on a broken reed. Our slogan of *E Pluribus Unum* will resemble sounding brass until labor unions stop discriminating against negro workmen and Southerners stop referring to Northerners as damn Yankees and national political parties can decide issues on the basis of logic rather than on the basis of partisan commitments.

The melting pot will have to simmer a long time yet before the various ingredients of our national stock, with its multiplicity of races, nationalities, and cultures, are dissolved and finally jelled into a consistent national unity. A national unity and solidarity (and also the millennium) will be in sight when Idaho potatoes are considered home-grown by residents of other States, when public schools are made really public instead of semipublic, when descendants of foreign-born quit calling the descendants of other foreign-born "foreigners," and when we stop telling folk with whom we disagree to go back to the old country.

Law and Disorder

If Socrates had been a member of our American democracy, instead of the Athenian, he would have had no hesitancy about offending the laws of this world through fear that, if he did so, he would not be kindly received by their brothers, the laws of heaven. Instead of "Crito, we owe Aesculapius a cock; be sure to pay the debt," his last words would have been, "Crito, do your best to beat the inheritance tax."

We do not get to the first comma in Lincoln's conception of democratic government as a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. Instead of debating whether the Filipinos are capable of governing themselves, a more appropriate discussion would be one questioning whether we ourselves are capable of self-government. President Hoover was correct when he declared, in his inaugural address, that the most malign of all the dangers threatening us was our disregard for law and our disobedience of law. Certainly, in all our bragging, there is one matter about which no American ever boasts, and this is our crime rate.

Although respect for law and a willingness to abide by majority decisions are the very essence of democracy, the annual cost of crime in the United States is estimated by Mr. J. Edgar Hoover to be over $15,000,000,000 — or nearly half the national debt. The American people are practically ungovernable in respect either to serious crimes like murder or to trivial ones

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like spitting on the sidewalk. In 1935 there were at least 12,000 murders committed in the United States and an estimated total of nearly 1,500,000 major crimes. Four of our cities have reached an annual homicide rate of over 50 per 100,000 of their population, while the murder rate in England and Wales is only 0.5 in every 100,000 of their population. Although cities are everywhere regarded as the crime centers, the farmers and farm laborers of the United States lead all occupational groups in the murder rate. Surely it is high time for us to view with alarm these evidences that we are incapable of governing ourselves.

Other modern nations have come to regard kidnaping, racketeering, and lynching as peculiarly American inventions, since we commit them on a grand scale which makes Chinese brigands and medieval robber barons look like petty pilferers. We may well begin to wonder whether there is any possibility of making our democracy — or whatever it is — work. Not only are we less capable than other modern nations of keeping ourselves from committing major crimes but we are also less capable of preventing the slaughter of the innocent by our automobiles. We now slay not far from 40,000 people every year, and our record here is every day getting worse and worse.

American democracy, as measured by our capacity for a socialized self-control, begins to look like rampant and rabid individualism. The only likely method of solving the problem of our lawlessness in general, as in the case of the prohibition amendment, is by the repeal of laws. Believers in democracy may still, of course, console themselves with the hope that democratic social control will be more dependable and more efficient than authoritative or autocratic control — if we ever attain it.

The Land of the Somewhat Free

The ideals of union and liberty are not altogether congenial. They tend, like two streets with those names which are not quite parallel, to come into collision with each other. Of all the conflicts in the harem of American ideals since the time of Hamilton and Jefferson to this time of the New Deal, no conflict has been more habitual and no conflict is still more in need of reconciliation than that between these two ideals, union and liberty.

In most of these conflicts, liberty has had the best of the argument; for there is nothing so congenial to and so compatible with our American psychology as liberty, pure and undefiled. Our preference for liberty, or freedom, and the reason for its perpetual conflict with the ideal of union grow out of our misconception of the meaning of the term. We define *freedom* as the absence of restraint. It is the definition formulated by the isolated pioneer, who could keep the pig in the parlor if he wanted to, and it would be nobody's business but his and the pig's. Our ideal of freedom, instead of being a condition of "liberty and justice for all" is almost exclusively that of opportunity to get ahead of the other fellow.

Said one businessman, in a burst of luncheon oratory: "There are three fellows I watch. I watch the fellow ahead of me, to see if I can't cut in on him. I watch the fellow behind me, to see that he isn't sneaking up on me. And I watch myself, to make sure that I'm all right."

When getting ahead of the other fellow becomes the exclusive motivation, it implies the corollary of getting ahead by any means.

The only ideal of freedom consistent with any social system other than anarchy is that of opportunity for right development. If we are ever to enjoy freedom and justice for all, we shall require a great deal of constraint, at least until the 3,000,000 in our criminal population learn respect for the property and persons of others. Our American government is the best government in the world if measured by the Jeffersonian standard that "that government is best which governs least" (in spite of polemics against government interference), but we are going to need much governing if we are to be free to enjoy the fruits of our labor and free to live a decent life.

Is Mussolini Right?

Although Mussolini's statement that democracy leads to anarchy is hardly original, since Plato beat him to it over 2,000 years ago, the condition of our American democracy seems to justify Il Duce's repetition. The prevailing conception of liberty is almost synonymous with anarchy, and the only other equally asinine assumption of our democratic thought is the belief that we can have a democratic government apart from democratic institutions in general. Democratic ideals need a lot of exercise, and we can no more be truly democratic in

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government and autocratic or aristocratic in everything else than we can be truly Christian on Sunday and, to use Mr. Mencken's word, cannibals during the rest of the week.

America is about 50 per cent democratic if measured by the number of qualified voters who exercise the right of suffrage. She is much less than 50 per cent democratic if measured by the proportion of voters who know what they are voting for. What democratic yardstick will reveal anything democratic about our social life in general? Is our education democratic, or our religion, or our business and industry?

Democracy is our noblest experiment in co-operative endeavor, but if there is anything which we do not have it is co-operative character. We cannot co-operate even in family life, a fact shown by the highest divorce rate ever known except in decadent Rome. Our business co-operatives, which are expected by their leaders to annihilate the profit motive and usher in the great co-operative democracy, are pathetically weak and usually short-lived. These co-operatives have been designed to enable consumers to crowd government and middlemen out of business, in order that the consumers may run it themselves in their own interest; but American consumer co-operatives are still, as the Irish poet Æ said of them, like concrete without enough cement in it. One reason is that American farmers are isolated from each other by distance, suspicions, and hatreds, while urban dwellers are equally isolated by class distinctions and conflicts of points of view. Another reason is that it takes intelligence to co-operate successfully. American people cannot even conspire successfully. We can hardly expect to realize the democratic ideal in national life until we can do so in community life, and most American communities, in comparison with European communities, are more like Ezekiel's valley of dry bones.

To what extent has America realized the true ideal of freedom — equal opportunity for right development — in matters of education?

We take a mighty pride in our public schools, but the institution of education cannot be said to provide equal opportunity so long as it takes rural children eight years to get as much education as urban children get in six, or so long as Southern States pay seven times as much per pupil in schools for white children as in schools for black children and less than one half as much per pupil for the white schools as is paid on the average for the nation as a whole. It is too great a compliment to Southern whites to think that they can be educated twice as easily as Northern whites, and it is too great a compliment to negroes to think that they can be educated seven times as easily as whites. It is too great a compliment to Jewish young people of college age to assume, as do many of our institutions of higher learning, that all Jews in excess of five per cent of their enrollments are not in need of a college education.

The conduct of our schools is as open to attack on the basis of undemocratic procedure as for such inequalities. If there is anything under heaven which cannot be made compulsory, it is real education; but our American education is still as compulsory as the selective draft. No phase of our social life is more in need of a substitution of democratic, attractive forces for undemocratic, compulsory forces than is our educational process.

If there is any phase of our national life in which we approach the ideal of anarchy, it is in the institution of religion. American religion is certainly not democratic; indeed, it is hardly religious.

The greatest weakness of the church is not the clergy's loss of sympathy for the poverty-stricken masses but the anarchistic division of religious organization into more than 57 varieties of conflicting and competing denominations, which stand squarely in the way of any united attack on the moral problems of a community. The writer once counted representatives of 24 such denominations among the farmers of one county and found representatives of a half-dozen new ones in an adjoining county. Three denominations were represented by 4 families living on 1 mile of road. A rural village had a population too small to support a single efficient church organization, but it had 5 churches, the average attendance of all 5 being insufficient to fill the balcony of 1 of the church buildings.

Such a condition among those who unanimously profess the common fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man (to say nothing of *Liberté, Égalité*, and *Fraternité*) is the responsibility of the autocratic clergy alone. It is only they who care two whoops about such controversial questions as whether Eve was the cause of Adam's fall or whether he was a reprobate at

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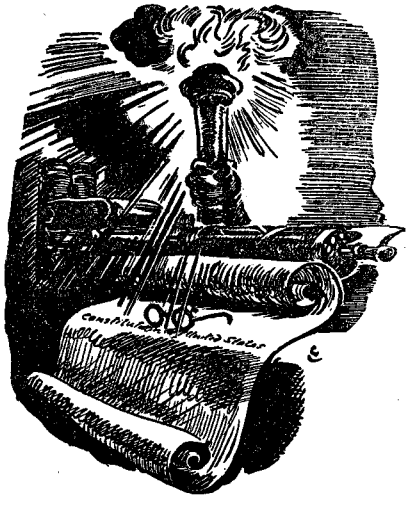
the beginning. There is little chance that America will become democratic in government until the Burning-Bushers and the Tower-of-Babelers become sufficiently co-operative to sing out of the same hymnbooks. The preacher-Bessies of Tobacco Road may gather a few stray Dudes into the fold, but they do not contribute greatly to democratic idealism.

It has been intimated by such writers as John T. Flynn that businessmen are still influential in governmental enterprise. The fact that the representatives of business and industry still act in an advisory capacity in the determination of governmental policies is not, however, the greatest obstacle which business and industry put in the way of democratic administration.

The greatest stumbling block in the way of progress in capacity for democratic accomplishment is the fact that most of the leaders of business and industry are still as autocratic as was Ivan the Terrible. Every time a socially minded captain of industry forgoes his traditional autocratic control over industrial organization, he makes a contribution to the growth of democratic capacity on the part of his workers which can be utilized in the procedures of democratic government. Every time an industrialist asserts his traditional prerogatives over his company on the ground that he owns the damn thing, he sets himself in the way of the growth of such capacity.



When employers call off their spies and gunmen and when labor unions start a sit-down strike on their labor racketeers and when both outlaw industrial warfare as a means of settling industrial disputes, then business and industry will be in a position to furnish exercise for democratic ideals in free discussion and other democratic procedure.

America has recently had a lesson in the futility of trying to build a democratic superstructure on an undemocratic foundation. We trained a few thousand young men so thoroughly in the completely autocratic system of taking orders from commanders that they stood ready to continue to take orders from so-called commanders. These men were patriots, and most of them were sufficiently intelligent to understand, had they engaged in a democratic discussion of the subject, that an inflationary help to business would be paid for by the masses of American consumers, who were already underfed, underclothed, and underhoused. Inflation arrived, with the usual accompaniments of wage wars and economic chaos, largely because the members of the American Legion took orders from their so-called commanders, stood shoulder to shoulder, and naturally got the jump on the more democratic citizens who are in the habit of taking time to question why.

With Form and Largely Void

So far as the form of our government is concerned, our constitutions, national and State, frequently serve to block the will of the people. A written constitution, like a written creed, may serve for a century or two as a useful bony structure and then succumb to osteosclerosis.

The will of the majority is often blocked also by the check-and-balance system of our house-of-lords–house-of-commons Congress and by the similarly checked and balanced system of all but one of our State legislatures. Our national house of lords is shockingly undemocratic in its make-up, and is therefore prone to be unresponsive to majority opinion. If the State of New York were represented in the United States Senate on the same population basis as is the State of Nevada, New York would have 276 senators instead of 2.

Blocking of the public will is further accomplished by confusion as to the rights of the 48 separate geographical areas, monuments to the art of surveying.

To cap the checking process, we have the Supreme Court, which has from time to time assumed the divine right to put a complete and final veto on the expressed will of the majority, expressed through acts of its representatives, which is the only legal way in which an American majority can express its will. We have, for instance, three times specifically expressed our

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desire and determination to abolish the modern industrial crime of child labor; and three times a sacred breath from the Court Cavern whistled a Delphic *No*.

This may be all very right and beautiful, but is it democracy?

Calvin Coolidge once wrote that our American government was one "by political parties, under the guiding influence of public opinion."

Is it possible that we should have taken more heed of the farewell address of George Washington? He warned us against two things particularly, as distinctly subversive of democracy — huge military establishments and government by factions. Government by competing factions would, Washington thought, tend to destroy the democracy he had helped us to win.

Was Washington right? Is government by political parties democratic or undemocratic? How does the "guiding influence of public opinion" work?

Perhaps the ultraviolet rays of light from the majority mind penetrate the political party walls most of the time. Each reader will know exactly how the political parties in his vicinity go about seeking advice and counsel from the public. But occasionally the inner party circle, the bosses, to use our undemocratic word for them, have been known to go against the expressed will of their own party members — and get away with it.

Here is an instance:

In the spring of 1931 the Republican Party of Michigan held a State convention in the city of Kalamazoo. Everything went beautifully — a sufficient number of delegates got drunk to add liveliness to the scene; the platform was full of social eligibles; the slate of nominees prepared ahead of time (could it have been by public opinion?) was being nominated by the convention in the deadly monotone which passes for democratic harmony — until it came to nominating members for the State Board of Agriculture. A bloc of farmers and sympathizers had actually got their heads together in sufficient numbers to constitute a threat to the prepared slate. Tut, tut.

Nominations for members of the State Board of Agriculture were put last on the convention's program. The "regular" was nominated. So was the farm bloc's candidate. Tellers were appointed. While these tellers were still busy counting votes, the chairman of the convention announced that the regular had been nominated and entertained a motion to adjourn. The tellers protested, but there was instantly a confusion of active adjourning.

Doubtless thinking the position of teller entirely innocuous, the chairman of the convention had appointed as one of the tellers a well-known woman, a woman aggressively active in all good works, a leader in the suffrage movement, a former president of the Michigan League of Women Voters. She went before a notary public immediately after the convention and sent a sworn statement to the newspapers of the State, declaring that the nomination for the State Board of Agriculture was not as announced, that the candidate of the farmers had actually been nominated by the convention.

But the man who printed the ballots took the word of the chairman, and the name of the "regular" appeared in the Party column, to be painstakingly marked with a little cross by the electorate of the State of Michigan, whose opinion was guiding their ruling party so effectively.

Is this a unique instance of undemocratic procedure within political party organizations, an instance made public only because a party chairman made a slight error in appointing tellers? Or was George Washington right?

It frequently happens that a little group of party bosses get together in a secret meeting in a hotel room, select a slate of candidates, and prepare a platform to be approved by a pathologically and alcoholically harmonious convention. A pneumatic keynoter is selected to inform the convention what it is to stand for, and a brass-band–and–medicine-show method is used to stimulate not just acquiescence but enthusiastic approval. If public opinion has any part to play in a party convention, it is confined to selection of the location in which the next convention is to be held.

The writer has attended county, State, and national party conventions. He has also lived in a town where there was a hospital for the insane but he has never seen a group of lunatics act less rationally than the delegates and their alternates in their solemn, meditative assemblies. They make a farce of democratic procedure.

At one of our county conventions a chairman was elected in just no time at all. He came forward; hemmed and hawed a minute; said, "Friends and fellow Republicans, this is a

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great surprise to me"; then reached into an inside coat pocket and pulled out a typewritten speech of acceptance which he proceeded to read.

If, as is traditionally said, two heads are better than one, 125,000,000 heads ought to be very good indeed, assuming, of course, that the heads are got together and used. Do the form and hugeness of our America make it impossible for us to get our heads together? The isolation of our farmers and the confusion of tongues and cultures in our cities are great obstacles in the way of getting together. No group in our midst is in greater need of the power of collective bargaining than our farmers, but the farmers themselves will first have to be collected. In our cities, social distance often separates individuals and classes as effectively as physical distance separates the farmers.

A democracy is not a classless society but a society in which classes are open and do not constitute separate mental wholes. Democratic classes are functional groups, not stratifications. Yet we have in our America a thoroughly established system of racial caste. Can we be a caste society and a democracy at the same time? Can we keep the right side of our minds from knowing the course on which the left side of our minds is determined? We say out of one corner of our mouths, "We hold these truths to be self-evident," and out of the other, "What nonsense."

The Sine Qua Non of Democracy

Every great democrat has emphasized the importance of free discussion. Are we prepared to discuss our weaknesses as freely as our triumphs? Have we made free discussion possible? On the first day of the first session of the first Congress, the first amendment to the Constitution came into being, guaranteeing freedom of discussion. But the founders of our country failed to set aside parts of the public domain where free talking would not interfere with the traffic. They also failed to make provision against the censorship of schoolbooks by vested interests and against the black-listing of lecturers by patriotic societies.

The average American is absolutely committed to the ideal of freedom of speech — except when he disagrees with what is being said. If we disagree with a speaker, we insist that the speaker hire a hall which is not for rent or we arrest him as a vagrant or we rattle tin pans so that no one can hear him. We no longer burn dissenters at the stake. We just take away their jobs. Most Americans of today are afraid to talk except on what they are sure is a popular side. We shrink from the pain of acquiring new ideas just as ancient peoples did.

If we are ever to gain a true democracy, we shall have to learn to appreciate the importance of nonconforming minorities and dissenters to the growth of healthy public opinion. The conservative and the liberal are both necessary to progress. The conservative saves for us the good things of the past; the liberal adds to the old goods some new inventions. Democracy must learn to exercise a greater tolerance for both.

When Will Rogers visited Hyde Park, London, in 1934, he wrote for our home papers, "These Englishmen are the smartest white folks there is." He told of listening to a communist on one hand and a fascist on the other, with all London in between, "laughing at both sides." He declared that England had solved the talking problem and that she was one country in which communism, fascism, Hitlerism, and nudism would not get anywhere, because, he said, no man wants his cause so much as he wants to talk about it.

America will never be democratic until she has solved the talking problem, until she has accepted free discussion in fact as well as in theory.

A weekly magazine editorializes:

> At no previous time in our history has there been a greater need to think out and to talk out serious public questions. If we expect to be a self-governing people, we shall have to do our own thinking. . . . Thinking is a responsibility which cannot be farmed out in a democracy.

Perhaps we should add an amendment to the Constitution providing that, in return for our free speech, we should all guarantee to our democracy a lot of free thinking.

And the last should be first.

In an early issue:
"The Confused Liberal,"
by Struthers Burt

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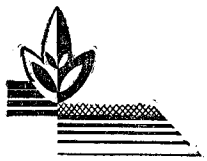
The Artist's Point of View

Insulated Education in an Important Museum Art School



EVERY SO OFTEN I am jolted into a kind of surprised admiration at the ability of some human minds to insulate themselves from all contemporary knowledge in their own fields. I do mean admiration, in some degree, for it almost seems a special skill — this shutting-out process. I can't do it. I just naturally question and weigh and absorb new influences and change my ideas accordingly. In fact I crave this search. To shut out the knowledge and decline the search seems an abnormal, difficult process. Hence the temptation to admiration for a special skill.

Thirty some years ago I went through the conventional art school of the day — the Chicago Art Institute. For four years this school taught me to copy skillfully whatever I saw before my physical eyes — casts, still-lives, posed models, landscapes. I had to record actual shadows and lights, textures, colors of the surface of a subject as they actually appeared. I developed skill. I could "compose" or rearrange objects. I and hundreds of thousands of art students like me gave four of the most precious growing years of our lives to this craft process — the great art of the ages remaining a sealed book to us, meantime, because the key to its unlocking was never hinted at in our art education.

It took me 8 hard years to unlearn this copying habit of mind and to discover that enduring art has been the opposite in goal, method, and values — i.e., that such art, whether primitive or sophisticated, has been based on a process of re-creation and design. So handicapped, I began at 30 years of age to apply what I should have known from my earliest trials with brush and pencil.

On a recent lecture trip I visited a well-known art school.

Pencil rendering. A room full of eager young people, a photograph in front of them, copying parts of it in pencil to learn the special skill of matching tone values.

Cast drawing. Resentment at my wasted years of copying shadows burned within as I entered the room. The same process still going on, as if nothing had happened in a quarter of a century. How could any school do it? How could any student fail to know its futility? Excellent craftsmanship, I readily admitted.

Interior decoration. Yes, the same copying of Louis XIV rooms and ornate, decadent textile designs. Preparing more young people to desecrate modern homes with copies of the arts of other civilizations.

Portrait class. The same posed model and the same lifeless replicas in paint and clay — excellently well done.

Life class. Upstairs. Never mind. I know exactly what it is.

Well, Mr. Director, I'm afraid I disagree completely. This is what I was taught and had to unlearn 30 years ago. It violates every tenet of creative art. It kills creative power. It repeats the decadence of late Greece and Rome. It is a crime against youth, a betrayal of adult responsibility to guide with intelligence. And a university and a State teacher-training school are sending all their special art students to this art museum to insure the killing of their inherent creative powers.

The director defended: "Solid base for later creative work." He hated "the sloppy technique of the moderns."

I countered with a reversal of values. No harm in technical skill as a means, but the total goal has changed.

Mr. Director did not know what I was talking about.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

Preying on the Poet

by MARGARET LATHROP LAW

The critics label poetry "a fountain gushing from the hidden waters of life, the fringe on the robe of God, the cry of all the ages made articulate." Poetry, they insist, is "rhythm and rhapsody," "beauty in search of a voice," a stretching toward the infinite.

But *is* it? Sometimes poets are driven to feel that racketeers have even their ecstasy by the throat. No sooner does the novitiate try to bridle Pegasus than he's paged by the money-changers. As he takes flight he's called lustily back to earth by sellers of gold bricks against whose clever charlatanism his inexperience is paper-thin defense. Naturally, when a poet writes, his first desire is to achieve recognition. That chip of his ego, the new poem, must win reward, but how?

"Poetry can be made to pay," says an advertisement in a writers' magazine, and there's no chance of shouting back: "You're a liar!"

"Last year we criticized and placed *6001* poems for clients in seven countries."

"Prove it," the neophyte should challenge, but doesn't. Instead he gathers up a sheaf of poems and mails them, with a prepayment check.

Under one guise or another there must always be a prepayment check. Prepayment is the watchword of neo-critics; unscrupulous agents; unknown song publishers; irresponsible magazine, anthology, and book promoters. These stand, indeed, like a pack of hungry wolves waiting the first bleat of the fleeceable poetic lamb.

Ill-educated critics, often themselves unsuccessful poets, may believe that they can win publication for others. Yoking good intentions to market ignorance, they inflate the *amour-propre* of the untalented and rouse in their poor hearts false hopes, meanwhile extracting enough money to ward the butcher's bill collector from their door to the poet's.

If in his fevered rush for publication the beginner luckily finds that *rara avis*, a good agent, he'll be relieved of the painful task of editor-pelting. The first-class agent not only knows who welcomes cinquains and eschews threnodies but can without tears receive a rejected poem for the sixteenth time, seal it in a fresh envelope, and hopefully address it to editor number seventeen.

However, agents must live. The poet buys their postage, typing, time, and market wisdom. In other words, he pays them to give away his poems. For, no matter how many published poems come from the clipping bureau to swell his pride, he won't earn a red cent.

Newspapers will frankly tolerate his poems as space fillers. Quality-group magazines and even the popular slicks will pay a pittance. Small poetry magazines, lacking both advertisers and large subscription lists, can't pay anything. With high literary standards and usually sincere desire to foster poetry, they offer prizes of a few dollars or autographed, donated poetry books. But often these don't materialize.

Editors desperate to defray printing costs urge unknowns to become contributing editors of their magazines — poems from the right hand, checks from the left. Some magazines are unashamedly pay-as-you-enter. Both magazines and newspapers are free by divine right and by law to reprint, even to garble, poems without permission from, apologies to, or checks for the poet in whose spirit they germinated. To broadcasters and play producers poetic loot is free for the taking.

With crafty insistence anthologists trail the poet of slight or no reputation. Three published sonnets will flood their writer's mail with offers of inclusion in anthologies. These are sometimes compiled geographically by cities, States, etc. Or they consist of poems on a given subject. Have you written about trees, babies, mothers, dogs, little houses, sex, socialism, kitchen sinks, the baiters inquire eagerly? Of course only poets of outstanding reputation are being asked to contribute. T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, Millay, Benét, etc., will probably be included. In order to meet minimum publication costs each contributor must order six advance de luxe copies at $3 each, a small-typed footnote regretfully states.

Itching to join the immortals, the poet who's appeared only in last month's *Cob Web Visions* scratches off a check, sighing that Milton and Shakespeare have missed inclusion. The anthology may come this year, next year, sometime, never. Those that materialize are apt to be minus the big names and in flimsy enough format to allow generous publisher's profit.

Comes a day when the poet must emancipate himself from all this and put forth a book of his own.

The harsh truth is that no house can make money on a poetry book unless the writer has already achieved a reputation. To justify its printing and binding; its folder, magazine, and agent-to-bookshop advertising, a book must sell in the many thousands. Probably no unknown's first book has ever done this, nor will do it. Should the poet's work be distinctive, his reputation established in another field, or his bank account flush, the big house will manage printing, blurbs, reviews, and window displays. The poet, consoling himself that Shelley and Rupert Brooke indulged in vanity publishing, may pay $1,500. What he may net he'll only learn at long last and then he won't tell.

The poet with a thinner purse but as strong a desire to externalize his ego between the pages of a book must seek the small publisher, actually a glorified printer. He must in cash or secured sales guarantee payment. Three to four hundred dollars will buy him 500 books, quite enough for his sales chances.

Then comes the worst ordeal of all. In a frenzy to get back the money risked, the poet must play beggar, peddler, and performing seal. On bended knee he must ask important literary friends to write blurbs. He must swallow pride and beg editors for reviews. He must sneak off and, no matter how he hates it, take a few elocution lessons. He must cultivate a platform presence, have some flattering photographs taken, get up a little folder about himself, connive for readings at endless, far-flung women's clubs. As the crowds cluster with questions at the end of a reading, he must, no matter how painful to his nature, juggle a teacup with one hand and with the other make change for autographed copies.

But, if you are strongly enough convinced that poetry can be the very warp and woof of life patterning, you'll go straight on, in spite of all the heartbreaking disillusionments.

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THE RECORD REVIEW

SCHUMANN: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MINOR. Yehudi Menhuin & the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, conducted by John Barbirolli (Victor M, AM 451; 4 records, $7.50).

PROKOFIEFF: VIOLIN CONCERTO NO. 2 IN G MINOR. Jascha Heifetz & the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky (Victor M, AM 452; 3 records, $6.50).

MOUSSORGSKY: FOURTEEN SONGS. Vladimir Rosing, tenor (Decca Album 2; 6 records, $6.75).

BRAHMS: SONATA IN D MINOR FOR VIOLIN & PIANO. Joseph Szigeti & Egon Petri (Columbia 324; 3 records, $5.00).

When Mr. Menhuin played the resurrected Schumann Concerto in Boston last winter, I rashly remarked that he ought to have observed the custom of the orthodox Jews which forbids the exhuming of an interred corpse. My remark was entirely unfair. The more I listen to the recording of the Concerto, the more impressive the music becomes.

While the Concerto obviously cannot stand comparison with the concertos of Beethoven and Brahms, it still does not deserve the harsh criticism which was launched against it on its first presentations in this country. The first movement is weak; the finale is badly padded; and much of the sentimental touch is in the music. But the Concerto also has lofty, romantic passages where Schumann, the true poet, comes to the fore.

Soloist and associates play the music with earnest devotion, revealing its strength and concealing its infirmities behind vigorous performance. I can see no other course than to have added this Concerto to the recorded literature. And Victor's records are splendid.

If the Schumann Concerto cannot rank with the concertos of Beethoven and Brahms, Prokofieff's Concerto can; at least so believe many persons, including Mr. Heifetz. Count me among them.

The music has simplicity, warmth, passion, breadth, and beauty. Of the three movements, the first opens with poignant theme, Russian to its core, played by the solo violin, and builds up to a climax of wild intensity. The slow movement is constructed on a motif that might serve as a melody for a child's song; and the finale is a dynamo of nervous musical energy, characteristically Prokofieff. It is only in the finale that "identifications" of the composer really appear.

The Concerto adheres to strict form, although the quality is contemporary. Written in 1935, it is lyrical throughout, without traces of forced writing. Plain, honest music it is. So plain that it suggests glibness. At any rate it is easy to enjoy.

Mr. Heifetz' performance is brilliant, though no more so than the orchestra's or Victor's. In fact, much of the simplicity may be deception in the presence of playing so facile. Time and repeated hearings make it difficult to sustain this contention, however. You should put this set on your *must* list.

Moussorgsky was as vitally interested in drama as in music. Music to him was a medium for capturing more completely the dramatic content of the word. His songs, then, augment the drama of the text, and any device which furthers that end finds its way into them.

To interpret his songs, an artist rather than a singer is required. Mr. Rosing is not the world's greatest tenor. Nor is Mr. Rosing a Chaliapin. But Mr. Rosing has a palatable voice and a keen perception of dramatic values. In a word, Mr. Rosing is well endowed for the task he here undertakes.

The songs seem to me too preoccupied with the dramatic aspects to be musically exciting. On the whole they lack variety in the long run, unless sung with exceptional care. An ordinary singer makes them as dull as a Dostoevski novel.

Mr. Rosing, to be sure, makes the songs colorful. Decca's recording is remarkably articulate, and clearly and sensitively projects the subtleties in Mr. Rosing's interpretations. Like the Beethoven Sonatas (reviewed last month), the discs have too much residue. But the using of a sapphire-pointed needle (about which I shall have more to say in the near future) minimizes the noise. With the sapphire needle, you may enjoy sharp recording and the beauty of some of Moussorgsky's songs, notably his cycle, "Four Songs of Death."

Szigeti is with us again, this time with Egon Petri, playing Brahms. Victor's set by Kochanski and Rubinstein formerly held the throne in this realm. Fine as it is, it must yield to this new version. Petri outdoes himself to remain abreast of his distinguished partner. Szigeti plays with his customary eloquence. The tempos are judicious; the style has taste; the playing is vigorous or delicate as the moods demand; the recording is quiet and clear. All told, this is one of the outstanding recordings in the violin sonata literature, and even the clique that detests Brahms will have to admit that this is so.

ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER

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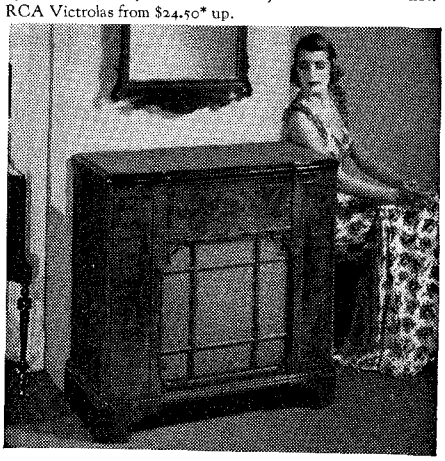

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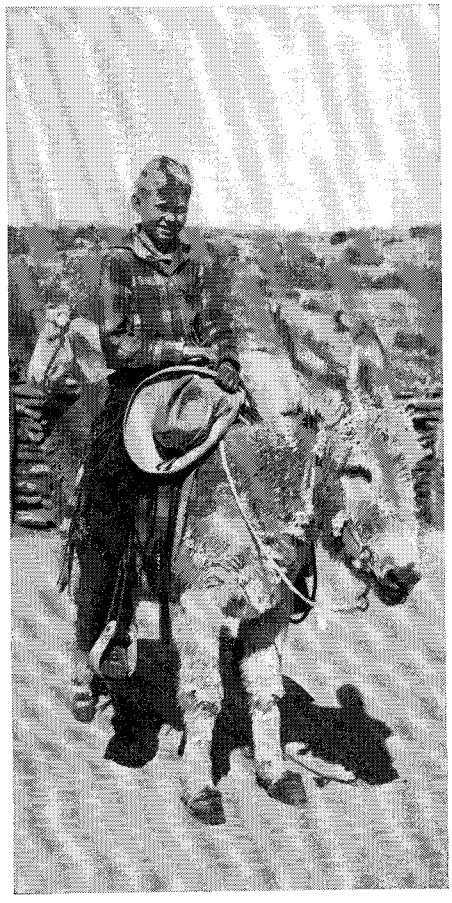
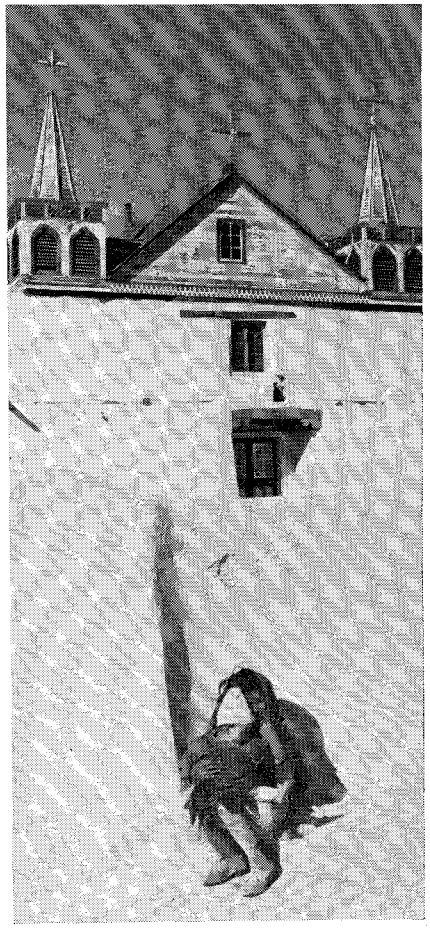
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

Saint Paul, Minnesota

A Pueblo Indian woman of Santa Fe, New Mexico (below) and (right) swimming and relaxing in the sun-bathed patio of the Hotel Playa de Cortes, Guaymas, Mexico



Brother in his element on Burro's time — chaps, sombrero, and a worthy steed!



Security and hope — in the shadow of the spires of Isleta Pueblo Mission Church

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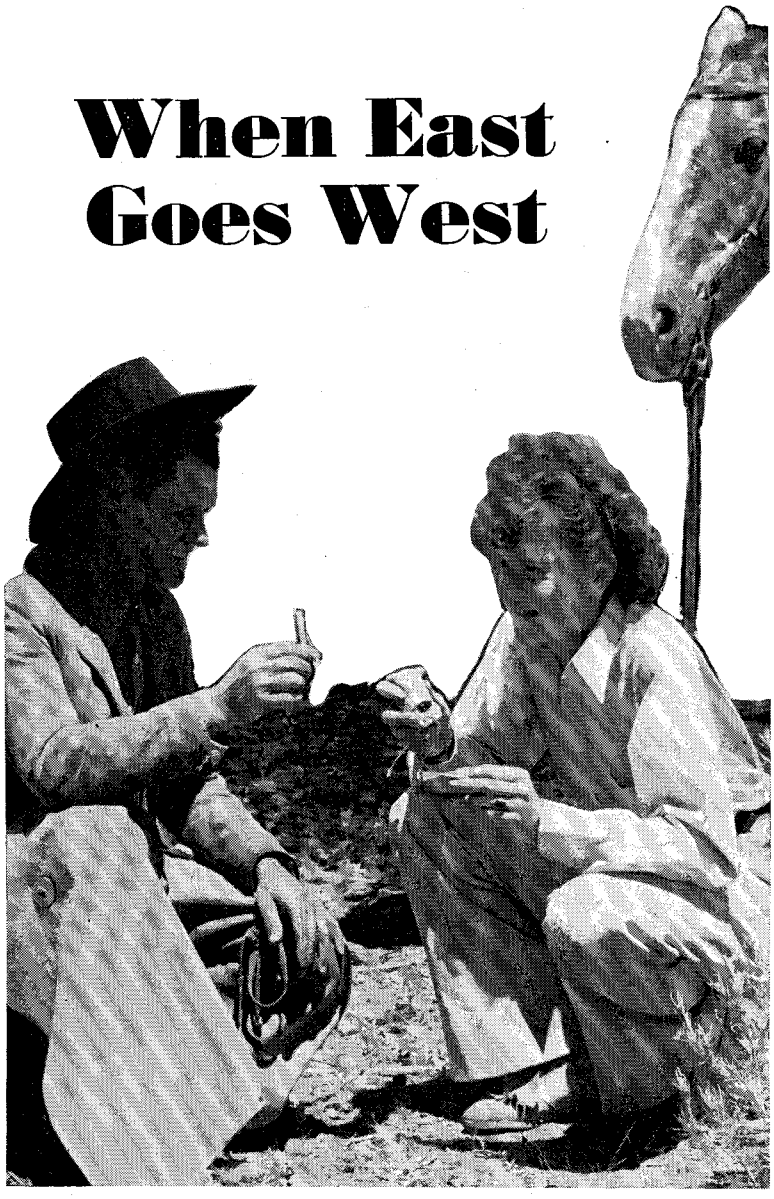
When East Goes West



The West leads, 1 to 0, in cigarette rolling

by HARRY J. PRICE

Photographs courtesy Southern Pacific R.R. & New Mexico State Tourist Bureau

THERE'S ONE THING about the West — there's a lot of it.

North, south, east, or west of the West you can find anything from a flat mesa to a ridged mountain that spurts upward to peaks 13,000 feet above the sea; a primitive pueblo, where Indian community life goes on much as it did centuries ago, to that most modern purveyor of Western atmosphere, the guest ranch; beaches that are bathed in brilliant sunlight to dark, subterranean caverns of awesome, gloomy grandeur.

At the present writing we're keen about this dude-ranching business and its provocative possibilities and figure we'd cut a pretty figure giddyapping all over the place, if only to the delight of the native sons.

Dude ranching is an agreeable way to enjoy some excellent hunting and fishing and a chance really to see the vast splendor of the country west of the Mississippi, in all its varied color.

Then, too, you can camp and picnic out of doors in a setting that seems to have no boundaries — and indulge in the primary object of a visit to a guest ranch, to ride on horseback and seep in the rugged atmosphere.

There are always the more familiar badminton, tennis, swimming, target ranges, and putting greens. Some ranches even have polo fields! And then there's always loafing. It's an unwritten law out West to let a fellow alone if he shows no inclination to do anything after the first day or two.

There isn't much use bringing a lot of clothes if you're going to a ranch; good boots and cotton shirts and jeans — or divided skirts or jodhpurs — seem to be the order of the day, even for the children.

As for sightseeing, there's a lot of that

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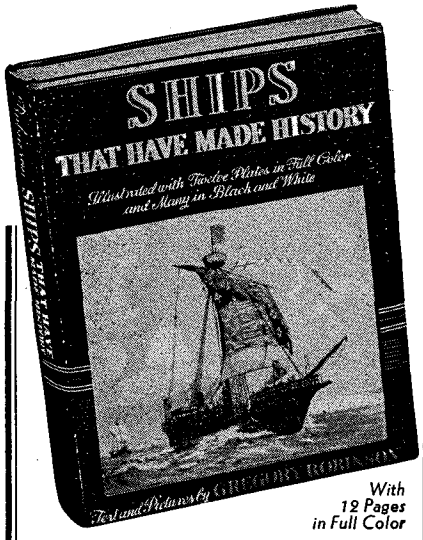

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Travel

in the prehistoric ruins; the Indian reservations where the red men occasionally hold their tribal dances and fiestas; national parks and monuments; famous trails to investigate; rodeos; and old missions and underground caves.

If a dude ranch sounds too primitive, in spite of what I say, there are always the many fine resorts where one can winter in a mild climate and take or leave the sports alone.

The principal seasons for dude ranches are fall and winter, generally from October to May, in Arizona; but in the Rocky Mountain regions they are open only in the summer. Southern California ranches are open in winter, while those in central and northern California are open all year round, as are most of those in Texas and New Mexico. So there you have also an unlimited choice.

Cloudless and warm — hitting the trail on a southern Arizona dude ranch

SHOULD YOU CHOOSE southern Arizona, you will be just a few hours across the border to Mexico, with its distinctively foreign atmosphere. This is where one is lost. The sight of a coconut palm mixed with the sound of the liquid cadences of a foreign tongue makes one forget that he has spent all he wants for the silver and turquoise trinkets and the woven rugs made by the Navajos. He feels he must take away a gloriously colored serape from a shop or the native open markets. Try hard to be hard with yourself on the shopping question, for in Mexico there are too many beautiful and sometimes useless things for you to buy.

But sightseeing is there for everyone — the fertile valleys, the blue mountains, the lovely tropical seaports (with deep-sea fishing). There are good hotels in Mexico, where English is spoken and where guides can be obtained — though it is easy to manage by oneself.

Mexico City means good stores, hotels, and restaurants, markets where the Indians bring in their handiwork from the neighboring states, beautiful drives and parks, in which one can see occasional riders dressed in the traditional garb of the Mexican *caballero*. It also means bull fights, and lovely churches, cathedrals and other buildings to visit.

Outside the city are good trips to make: to Taxco, which is built on a hill, with narrow, winding streets, and is untouched by time; to Cuernavaca, which is a week-end retreat for residents of Mexico City and the former home of the late Ambassador Morrow; and to that scenic spot, known by hearsay to everyone, the floating gardens of Xochimilco.

There are the Pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan and the famous shrine of Mexico, the Church of the Virgin of Guadalupe. Further out are the immense maguey plantations, on which are raised great, cactus-like plants which yield the juice that ferments into pulque.

Only a wire fence separates Nogales, Mexico, from Nogales, Arizona, so that often a trip to the Southwest includes a trip to Mexico. But, whatever you decide, you'll find plenty to see and do on either side of that wire fence.

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Yes...the brewers *do* mean business

AN EDITORIAL BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE . . .
in the Emporia (Kan.) Daily Gazette

BEER STATESMANSHIP

It has become obvious ever since the repeal of prohibition that the American brewers were determined not to make the mistake that the brewers made in pre-prohibition days. Then they tied up tightly with the distillers and beer was classed indiscriminately with liquor. The brewers are now trying to get away from the distillers, and a year ago they adopted an independent code, pledged themselves to "conduct their business in conformity with established laws and in co-operation with the authorities." Further, they pledged themselves to support "duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions" in the beer business. They pledged themselves to get behind the "great body of retailers who sell beer as law abiding citizens" and also to back up authorities in preventing "beer sales to minors or persons who have drunk to excess." The code aimed high.

It was obvious that Kansas is the one place in the United States where the United Brewers' Industrial Foundation, which was back of the code, with offices in New York, could come and find a fertile field to try out the code. They sent a representative of the Foundation to Kansas. He went to work in a practical manner. He surveyed the beer business in the large counties of Kansas where, if anywhere, the code would crack. He went to the sheriffs and the county attorneys in these counties. He went to the Attorney General of Kansas and told the law enforcing officers everywhere that he wanted their help and he wanted to help them clean up questionable beer parlors, places where they sold beer to minors, to drunks, where they kept open after the hours set down by the local authorities, where the beer dealers permitted hard drinks to be sold or sold them, and in general, this agent of the brewers back of the code made a genuine and certainly an effective campaign in Kansas to weed out the bad practices which tend to grow up where hard illegal liquor mixes itself with the sale of beer.

The Gazette knows definitely two cases where evidence was furnished by the Brewers' Foundation to close up certain whiskey joints. With the full co-operation of the local officers and the representatives of the Brewers' Foundation, public enforcement of the Kansas law controlling the sale of beer can be had. That co-operation should be given.

There is no reason why the beer business should not be conducted as any other commercial business —breakfast food, toothpaste, tenderized ham, packaged coffee or shoes. But it must get away and evidently is trying to get away from the stigma that always will rest upon hard liquor.

The representatives of the Brewers' Foundation in Kansas wrote to The Gazette:

"We stand ready to co-operate with Kansas officials in the enforcement of the law. We have laid before officials evidence of violations of the liquor laws and some definite results have been attained. We pledge our continued efforts."

This is not idle persiflage. Apparently the Brewers' Foundation means business.

(from issue of April 15, 1938)

Here's what we promised:

One pledge from The Brewers Code: "We pledge our support to the duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions wherever they may surround the sale of beer to the consumer."

Here's what we're doing:

As one example (and there are others): our investigators gathered evidence in Kansas that some retail outlets were using beer licenses as screens to sell bootleg liquor. The Attorney General cooperated, prosecuted and won. William Allen White, great American editor, then published the above editorial.

It's true . . . "anti-social conditions" exist in only a tiny fraction of the quarter-million places where beer is sold. Even so, we cannot hope to "police" them . . . unless you too will cooperate.

Here's what You *can do:*

1. Follow up *your* local authorities. Just insist that they enforce *existing laws* against illegal sales of liquor, operation of illicit resorts, sales after hours, sales to minors, sales to persons who have drunk to excess.
2. Patronize only respectable retail outlets.
3. Show that you are behind us . . . buy only beer or ale made by Foundation members . . . identified in their advertising by the symbol shown here.

Do these things, and you help the bulwark of moderation . . . beer . . . and the public interest as well.

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

Correspondence is invited with groups and individuals everywhere who are interested in the brewing industry and its responsibilities. Address: **United Brewers Industrial Foundation,** ***21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.***

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Eugene O'Neill

THE BOOK FORUM

OUR AMAZING EARTH — Carroll Lane Fenton (Doubleday, Doran, $4.50).
IN SEARCH OF SOVIET GOLD — John D. Littlepage & Demaree Bess (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75).
CHANGING THE SKYLINE — Paul Starrett (Whittlesey, $3.00).
BABIES ARE HUMAN BEINGS — C. Anderson Aldrich & Mary M. Aldrich (Macmillan, $1.75).
SAILOR ON HORSEBACK — Irving Stone (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00).
THE PROSPECTS OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY — George S. Counts (John Day, $3.00).

THERE has been a brisk literary traffic in atoms, stars, microbes, and the wonders of science generally, but only now does the romance of rocks come onto the market. In *Our Amazing Earth*, Carroll Lane Fenton tells the story of geology, the study of this planet's history from core to crust.

Beginning at the clip of a few million years per page, the book slows down to a companionable pace when it gets to those relatively recent eras that can be measured in six figures. Here the great ice ages play their roles and take their epic exits. Subterranean heats and pressures raise up continents; wind and frost and rain labor to level them down; ancient animals leave their literal footprints on the hardened sands of time. As interludes in this enormous pageant, lesser phenomena appear. We discover what makes the pulse beat of geysers, how minerals come in veins, how our whole apparently stable world always has been and always will be in a state of dynamic change.

Mr. Fenton's own sensitive awareness of the surging and upsurging earth gives a quality of life to his text. Simply, authentically he pictures hills and stones as more than mere obstacles or building materials, a hurricane more than just a personal experience.

THE richest and least known sixth of our amazing earth was John D. Littlepage's to burrow in for ten exciting years. An American technician, he served as trouble shooter in chief to the Soviet Union's gold trust from 1927 to 1937, the period during which it became the second largest gold-producing power in the world. Close as he was to the top of a huge Bolshevik enterprise, he had a chance to witness, at firsthand, epoch-making changes. *In Search of Soviet Gold*, written in collaboration with Demaree Bess, is the record, calm and objective, of how a wilderness was converted into industrial communities.

Though Mr. Littlepage had no interest in what he calls the new type of politics around him, it never irritated him to the point where he lost his pleasure in efficient engineering. Consequently his story is full of color and planned adventure. Some of it he didn't plan himself: mysterious sabotage kept hampering his work; he had the goods on the machinations of Piatakov long before that gentleman was brought to trial; he was the target for some not very well-aimed shots. In spite of trials and other tribulations, he managed to have a good deal of fun out of carrying gold to Moscow. Whether he writes of work or play, he tells a good yarn — which is likewise timely history.

FROM Pharaoh to Al Smith, a peculiar human urge has been satisfied by putting up big buildings. But it is a twentieth-century innovation to give credit for the job to the chap burdened with seeing that the pieces fit. As a sort of monument to all the anonymous builders who have had the headaches and little of the glory comes the autobiography of Paul Starrett, the brains behind some of America's most spectacular construction. For so much of it is he responsible, indeed, that he can without any lack of modesty call his book *Changing the Skyline.*

He was among the first to see the possibility of greater and greater height, with the development of elevators and structural steel. He saw perhaps clearer than anyone else the need for men of executive ability to make huge piles of steel and stone rise easily. Challenged by the prospect, he left architecture and went to work on construction, where he became a demon of efficiency and farsightedness. When at last the Empire State Building was projected, he got the job.

The story of how that skyscraper went up, the climax to Mr. Starrett's career, makes superb reading. Not only did the builder have to see that tons of material were delivered day by day in proper order; he had to allow for such engineering problems as the swaying of the finished structure in the wind and for the human problems of feeding squads of workmen a hundred stories up, of keeping owners, architects, and neighbors happy — of combing everything out of everyone's hair but his own.

After nearly half a century of such tasks, Mr. Starrett can look coolly and with surprising lightness at what he has

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The Book Forum

run up from a mass of figures and a heap of raw stuff. His book is a record of his own remarkable achievements and an absorbing biography of building as well.

A BOOK that should bring peace without compromise to many a harassed cribside is *Babies Are Human Beings*, by C. Anderson Aldrich and Mary M. Aldrich. Without shocking either the old-fashioned believers in cuddling or the let-'em-yell-it-out school of moderns, it succeeds in going several jumps ahead of both. Yet so simple and sensible is this new approach to the controversial business of child rearing that you may not at first realize what a truly creative job its authors have done.

As their title implies, they believe that the first thing of importance is the way you look at the problem. Babies really are human beings, not to be considered just small animals or a batch of predictable reactions in a flesh-and-bone test tube. From the day they are born they are "active, hard-working members of society." Nothing in later life ever equals the concentrated effort the infant puts into training his right hand to reach out and grab his left thumb or the energy and enthusiasm with which he learns the art of speech.

All this fury of growth and development in intelligence and muscle goes on according to a complicated, orderly plan — a plan so precise that you begin to wonder, as the Aldriches outline it, why even a little monkey wrench in the works doesn't ruin the whole human race. But the resilience of the young is almost as amazing as their energy. Since they survive all the well-meant mistakes of parents, the prospect of a future in which their growth is encouraged to proceed according to specifications is rather breath-taking.

The Aldriches put forth no foolproof slide-rule formula for perfection. What they have tackled is the more important task of convincing the adult that there exists in early childhood a set of dynamic principles that can be kept in orderly motion and that the strain on parent and child can be reduced to a minimum. For this the next generation should rise up and call them blessed.

IT would have been enough for the purposes of good biography if Jack London had been merely one of America's really momentous literary creators. But he was, in excess of this, oyster pirate, pioneer in the Yukon, socialist agitator, hobo, rancher, *bon vivant*, war correspondent. The vast amount of living London managed to crowd into his not very long life is enthusiastically, frankly, tenderly condensed by Irving Stone into one swift volume: *Sailor on Horseback*.

As vigorous and readable as London himself, Mr. Stone paints a portrait of a kind lover, husband, and father who, driven by sudden inner compulsions, was also on occasions a spirited sexual adventurer. The 1,000-word-a-day stint of work which London set himself recurs as a constant reminder that the man, for all his enjoyments and his successes, labored fabulously at his craft.

But through all the large structure of the man ran a rift about which it is useless to moralize. He lacked a basic mental stability he might have possessed had he been a legitimate child or even known definitely who his father was. Excessive longing for stabilities — conflicting as they were with his socialist doctrine — was the compensating urge. He was a prosperous believer in revolution; because he did not know whose son he was, he longed above everything for a son who would recognize in him a father. He produced neither revolution nor robust sons, and vacuum, emptiness, began to take the place of his early enormous zest. Into the emptiness he poured, finally, two small vials of poison.

Books on London more analytical, possibly more profound, will surely be written, but none of them will be able to repeat Irving Stone's particular service as the first biographer to make you want to go back and read the stories that not so long ago won and held a vast public.

IF the number of current political tracts on, for, or against democracy is any index of the temperature of society, the body politic is running a noticeable fever. In some ways the most significant of such books is *The Prospects of American Democracy*, by that able and contentious liberal, George S. Counts. A pronouncement of Daniel Webster might be taken as his text: "The freest government if it could exist, would not be long acceptable, if the tendency of the laws were to create a rapid accumulation of property in a few hands, and to render the great mass of the population dependent and penniless."

The battle for a democracy geared to a modern technical society is not lost, Professor Counts believes. We need not be subject to the violent rule of those who control wealth, as have the people of Italy and Germany. Nor indeed need we call in the Communists to run the country for the working class, after the Russian pattern. American democracy is better suited for American conditions, but, he insists, it must be militant, dynamic democracy. Whether or not he has presented a practical program for distributing economic power (which is the precondition he lays down), he has made a challenging plea for democracy, and one which grows out of the authentic tradition of our States.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitation, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

THE CITY OF CLEVELAND

To the Editor:

Replying to your letter of August 16th, requesting a statement about Cleveland for publication in your "Rostrum," I am glad to state that:

1. Cleveland is growing. In 1920 its population was 796,000. It is now 925,000. It ranks sixth in population in the Nation, fourth or fifth as a manufacturing center and it is often listed as third as a financial center. Cuyahoga County, which includes Cleveland's immediate suburbs, showed 943,000 in 1920. It now has 1,285,000.

2. Cleveland's industrial and commercial location is practically perfect. Midway between iron ore and coal, it is a natural site for producing steel and steel products. It distributes goods to one-half of the people of the United States by overnight rail shipment. Last year the Republic Steel Company erected here a Twenty Million Dollar New Steel Center. Lake Erie gives Cleveland a comfortable climate and a limitless supply of excellent water.

3. Cleveland has well established and diverse industries. Two-thirds of all types of manufacturing in the Nation are found in our Cleveland industrial area. Cleveland leads the nation in the manufacture of chemicals, paints, hardware, nuts and bolts, building materials, wire goods, dry batteries and other important articles. It is the focal point for electrical equipment manufacturing. It is the world center of the incandescent lamp industry.

4. Cleveland is the natural center of a closely knit industrial area at least 75 miles in radius, including a population of 3,000,000. This area contains One and One-half Billion Dollars more wealth than the average population of that size. It spends $100,000,000 more per year than the average such group. More than 60% of its homes are owned by their occupants, in contrast to 40% in the Nation.

5. Cleveland is rich in its diversity of people. They spring from over twenty nations. 65% of its people are foreign born or have one or both foreign born parents. The Cultural Gardens of Cleveland, representative of the cultural achievements of each nation, are sponsored by the several nationality groups and are unique in the world. This diverse population responds eagerly to music and literature. Cleveland holds the world's record for attendance during a week of Grand Opera. It leads the nation in per capita circulation of library books.

6. Cleveland's Safety Department has secured outstanding convictions of racketeers charged with extortion. It is installing the most modern two-way radio and motor vehicle equipment in the nation. In August Cleveland sold $4,000,000 of its bonds at an average interest rate of less than 3%. Its per capita debt is the lowest of the Nation's six largest cities. Its relief problems have been due primarily to the lack of any state policy or legislation making it possible for the city to meet such needs. The existing state administration has now been eliminated at its own party primary and all candidates are pledged to seek adequate relief legislation.

7. Cleveland's harbor is an increasing asset. The 1937 harbor trade was the greatest in its history. 1938 is marked by the start of a $5,000,000 river improvement program, the completion of an $8,000,000 lakefront highway, the completion of a $20,000,000 sewage disposal system, the start of a new high level bridge across the river and the aggressive prosecution of litigation to settle century old lakefront legal problems.

8. Cleveland is progressive and liberal. Its three federal housing projects are in successful operation and $20,000,000 more are allotted for new housing projects. Cleveland is maintaining its well earned and established reputation for religious and political freedom and understanding. It recognizes fully all constitutional privileges and obligations.

9. Cleveland is known as the "Forest City" because of its residential areas and many shade trees. It is developing not only its city, but also its Metropolitan Parks to an unprecedented extent. In 1936 and 1937 it also operated the successful Great Lakes Exposition.

10. Cleveland is a center of aviation. It has the greatest commercial airport in the nation and on September 3rd–5th is holding there, the National Air Races. . . .

HAROLD H. BURTON, *Mayor*
Cleveland, O.

Other comment from Clevelanders on Walter Abbott's article, "Cleveland; a City Collapses," in the September FORUM: I am frankly amazed that any magazine would publish such an article without a more careful investigation of the facts. I will admit that there are some people who share his views, but they are people who have personal axes to grind. The majority

"What you leave at your death let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs." — *Osborne*

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Our Rostrum

of us are proud of our city despite its troubles. ⁄ As ridiculous and unfounded indictment of an entire city as in my whole experience I have come across. ⁄ What city of any consequence does not have a very recent history of one and all of these things? ⁄ If Cleveland is on the verge of collapse, America is on the same verge. ⁄ I do not wish to pretend that my home city has no faults. She has enough and is trying hard to rid herself of some of them at least; but she is not suffering from a hopeless disease. ⁄ Truth Immortalized! Only one who has been confined cruelly for nearly six years in this cesspit of morons could make Mr. Abbott look more like a passer-by — a casual observer! ⁄ You may call it a city, but: to me — a slimy sump! ⁄ You should hang your head in shame for allowing such an article to be printed. ⁄ I do not recall ever having read a more inaccurate, misleading, and slanderous article. ⁄ Walter Abbott is an unmitigated liar. ⁄ What possible justification can you advance for permitting the article to be published? ⁄ In spite of the ridiculously exaggerated statements made in the article, there is a tinge of truth in the story. But for some reason or other, it smothered in its own "stew." Cleveland, you must know, is a city unique unto itself; in that smugness, short-sightedness, coupled with extreme provincialism, has done more to deter its progress than any other factors grouped together.

The City of Pittsburgh

To the Editor:

. . . Publications . . . have so accustomed Pa Pitt to the routine of investigation that at the mere sound of preparations for a social study anywhere within the United States he routinely and naïvely begins to disrobe. . . .

Even when the picture is neither entirely true nor dated — as in Dwight Macdonald's article ["Pittsburgh: What a City Shouldn't Be"] in the August number of The Forum . . . Pittsburghers are glad to learn what they can about their City. . . .

Pittsburghers must exert some effort to subdue civic-conscious choler when they read Macdonald's dismissal of their culture. Is it totally unimportant that there is conducted every year in Pittsburgh the finest collection of the world's current paintings shown in the United States, The International Art Exhibition. . . ? It might be if it were visited only by the "Big Business Community"; but steel workers, Hill District Negroes and "Hunkies" . . . have worn thin the marble stair treads . . . and lectures draw capacity audiences and sub-rosa we even harbor a few poets, sculptors, and dramatists.

It is true, Pittsburghers have wrestled long with the smoke problem. . . .

Mr. Macdonald is right when he says Pittsburgh for long has bungled the flood control problem. This he attributes solely to the power policies of the millions. . . . In that respect Pittsburgh capital has differed in no manner from private capital anywhere in the United States. . . . Public demand has brought about all the necessary legislation and appropriations to complete the task.

Mr. Macdonald is entirely correct in condemning . . . the chaotic jungle of local governmental units in Allegheny County. . . .

As far as housing is concerned, which, together with municipal consolidation, Mr. Macdonald says Pittsburgh needs most, we can heartily echo Macdonald's point of view. But he fails to note that the Pittsburgh Housing Authority has made elaborate . . . plans for a first attack on the slums. . . .

When Mr. Macdonald describes Pittsburgh as a City in which religion reflects the dominance of great wealth he should, in all fairness, make comparison with other cities. . . . Pittsburgh is not unique. . . .

In discussing education in Pittsburgh, Mr. Macdonald confines himself entirely to the University of Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh Board of Education . . . has provided Pittsburgh with splendid buildings, has paid excellent salaries. . . . Duquesne University (Catholic), The Carnegie Institute of Technology, and the Pennsylvania College for Women pursue progressive, enlightened educational policies. Many Pittsburghers wish the same could be said of the University of Pittsburgh. . . .

. . . It is only fair to note also that a new generation has seized control in the "Business Community" . . . one that has grown up with and has learned to respect organized labor. . . .

. . . . . .

Pittsburgh has its "two nations," the rich and the poor. . . . But those "two nations" exist wherever capitalism exists. . . . In some part the gap between them may be diminished, as is happening in Pittsburgh. . . . The problems thereafter remaining are common to our civilization: the social mastery of the machine, the equitable distribution of production, and the development of an all-embracing culture. In this work Pittsburgh will do its full share.

B. J. Hovde, *Director*
Department of Public Welfare
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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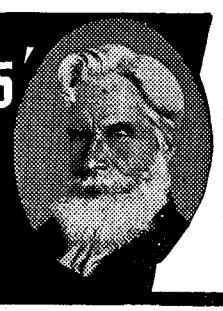

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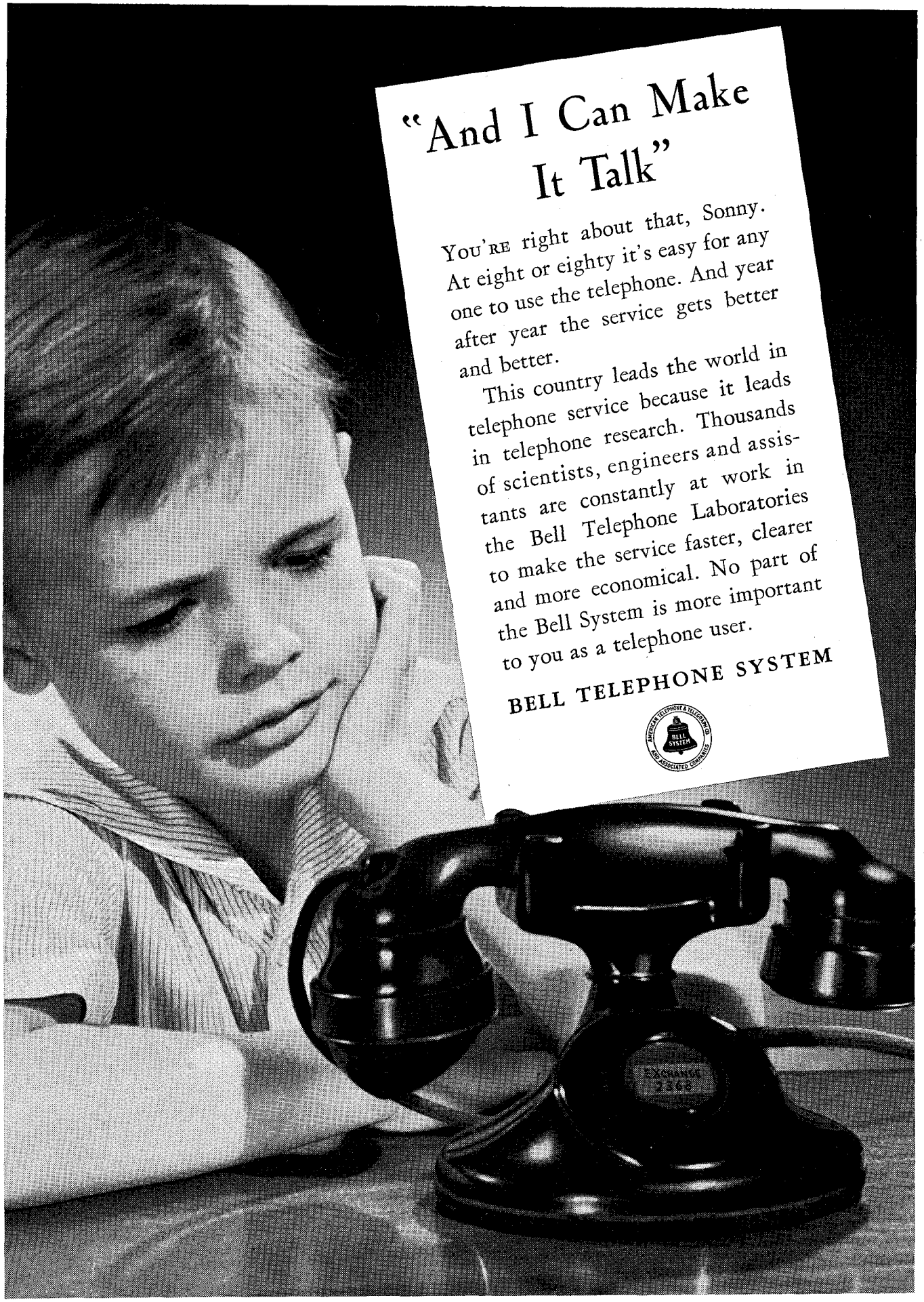
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